The Promise of American Life *Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts – April 8, 1972, 50 cents

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A Scenario For Kennedy

"It's four a.m. on Thursday the 13th of July. After three inconclusive ballots . . ."

Paul R. Wieck

Nixon vs. the Press – *John Osborne*

ITT's Arrogance – *The Editors*

Prison Reform – II – *Robert Martinson*

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TRB

from Washington ®

Rite of Spring

Goodbye, little Form 1040. Nestle tight, W-2, Copy A.

May you fall among friends, Line 16 ("Add lines 12, 13c, 14 and 15").

More power to you, Exemptions ("Yourself, Spouse, Dependent Children").

May you grow and multiply, Itemized Deductions ("Total cash contributions, carryover from prior years, miscellaneous deductions for child care, alimony, union dues, casualty losses").

And awe and salutation to the puckish inventor of Part IV instructions ("Figure your tax on the amount of Line 50 by using Tax Rate Schedule X, Y or Z, or if applicable, the alternative tax from Schedule D, income averaging from Schedule G, or maximum tax from Form 4726").

The great income tax flow rises like maple sap in spring. Surely the man who picked April 15 for the tax deadline was a poet.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue's name is Johnnie Walters. Nobody with a name like that can be all bad. It puts you in a donative mood.

As you force your way through Form 1040 reflect that Oliver Wendell Holmes called taxes "the price we pay for civilization." And recall Robert Frost,

> Never ask of money spent
> Where the spender thinks it went.
> Nobody was ever meant
> To remember or invent
> What he did with every cent.

The tide of estimated individual income taxes this year is $93,900,000,000. Your drop may be small but even a few hundred dollars are welcome; it will help buy gasoline, maybe, for that airplane that bombs Vietnam.

We took a naturalist friend to see tax headquarters, and some academic joke seemed to convulse him. He rubbed his hands at the surrounding yews and explained that the botanical name for the tree is "taxus." The dictionary added, starkly, "The yews, the family *taxaceae*, all with a poisonous juice."

Poisonous or not, what other rite draws the nation closer together? The US income tax ritual is the wonder of the world. The cheapness of collection is a marvel; it costs only 51 cents to collect every $100. European countries fell back on regressive sales taxes (value added) in part because everybody cheated on income taxes. We still rely on them.

Income taxes demand faith. Yes, there is still a belief in America that neighbors are honest and are paying their taxes as you are going to. If that belief disappears (and it is as intangible as gossamer) the whole system collapses. Today it is a question of whether it will last. And what is killing this very precious tradition is not the suspicion of deliberate dishonesty but the belief that the lawmakers have themselves willfully or unwittingly scattered the tax laws with loopholes that make them unfair, and produce an opportunity for widespread legalized dishonesty.

Income taxes were used by both sides in the Civil War, then dropped. President Cleveland tried to revive them in 1893. "Socialism, communism, and devilism!" exclaimed Ohio Senator John (Anti-trust law) Sherman. Another senator saw the thing as the work of "the professors with their books, the socialists with their schemes, the anarchists with their bombs." (It sounded like Mr. Nixon confronted with busing: "extreme social planners . . . symbol of social engineering on the basis of abstractions . . .")

Democrats went ahead anyway and passed the iniquity in 1894 (with a 2 percent rate) and the Supreme Court tossed it out. Then after 15 years, a funny thing happened. The opponents told reformers, "Sure, go ahead and amend the Constitution and we'll help you (chuckle)!" They were sure the states wouldn't ratify. By an ironic twist the adversaries helped launch it, the states ratified it, and it became the 16th Amendment in 1913. Rates: 1 to 7 percent.

It helped finance two world wars. Rates soared. Idealists cheered. Here was the instrument that redistributed income; a noble device. At the peak, the theoretical rates on the rich reached 94 percent. Social historian Frederick Lewis Allen, 20 years ago, voiced the conventional wisdom, "We had brought about a virtually automatic redistribution from the well-to-do to the less well-to-do."

Nonsense. Special interest provisions were added from the start. As early as 1926 came the granddaddy of them all, the percentage depletion allowance on oil, which, as John Brooks writes, lets the owner of a producing well deduct from taxable income 22½ percent (then 27½) of his gross annual income and keep deducting that much year after year, "even though he has deducted the cost of the well many times over." That's why the giant oil companies pay such light taxes.

All of a sudden tax reform is a red-hot issue. Rep. Henry Reuss (D, Wis.) would close loopholes to save $7.25 billion; a McGovern-Humphrey group would save $16 billion; Sen. Muskie's goal is $25 billion.

Soaking the rich is all right if it means equalizing tax burdens. But it's no use fooling the public that this will solve the problem. From time to time a brave man comes forward to say what we all know, the dirty little secret, that we need higher taxes. Cities, schools, crime, garbage collection; there's just one solution; more taxes. We have private affluence, public squalor.

Can we trust Congress to reform taxes? Frankly, No. At the last session, Congress scattered more tax gimmicks around, mostly for corporations, calculated to cost the Treasury $100 billion in the next 10 years. *Time* magazine asked last month: Can a nation go broke on a trillion dollars a year? Sure it can, if it turns tax laws into a sieve! Loopholes have eroded the progressive feature of tax laws. Result: the rich-and-poor gap is widening; the lowest fifth of American families get 3.2 percent of the national income; the top fifth 45.8 percent.

So that's the thought to go with your Form 1040. Every recent survey shows that the low and the middle income Americans pay more than their share in taxes and get back less in public services. The Tax Foundation in 1970 estimated that families earning under $10,000 a year paid 28.6 percent of their income in taxes; those of incomes of $1 million or more paid 28.4 percent. So goodbye little Form 1040. And remember as you depart those 112 taxpayers with incomes of $200,000 or more who last year reported no taxable income at all.

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ITT's Arrogance

"A bunch of little bums," as ITT lobbyist Dita Beard, in an interview with *Time*, described the seven senators from the judiciary committee, convened around her bed in the Rocky Mountain Osteopathic Hospital in Denver to find out what she would say about the infamous "Beard memo" published by Jack Anderson last February. The senators made the trip partly in response to her challenge of the week before, when she called the memo a "cruel fraud" and a "hoax," and partly because the Republican committee members insisted it would be ridiculous to continue hearings without taking her testimony first. Apparently they believed that she would bring the case to a quick end, or at least deny the more damaging implications of the memo.

What she said that weekend, before she was cut short by an attack of angina pectoris, only obscured the ITT case further, and raised the possibility that John Mitchell and Harold Geneen (ITT's president) had perjured themselves before the committee. Anyone who accepts her testimony now must also accept her statement that the ITT pledge to the Republicans last year originally was for as much as $600,000, that it was being considered as a direct contribution to the Republican Party, and that someone in the White House knew all about it. She said this was true, and that sections of the published memo were taken verbatim from another memo she had written. But she insisted that she hadn't written the other sections that said ITT's antitrust case before the Justice Department would benefit from the pledge of money. She pleaded ignorance: "I didn't understand the antitrust cases. . . . I can't add two and two." By now the committee must realize that she has only a limited contribution to make to this inquiry.

Since March 2, when the hearings began, the case has blossomed into a fuller scandal than expected, with fresh offshoots budding all the time. The most important of these appeared during a recess of the Judiciary Committee, one in *Life* and the other in Jack Anderson's column. *Life* announced that its March 24 issue would carry a report on how the United States' attorney for California had blocked a Justice Department criminal investigation into the finances of President Nixon's good friend and financial backer, C. Arnholt Smith. Even before they had seen the story, Justice officials stated "unequivocally" that the White House had never interfered with an investigation. However, the article had not made this charge. Later in the week, two

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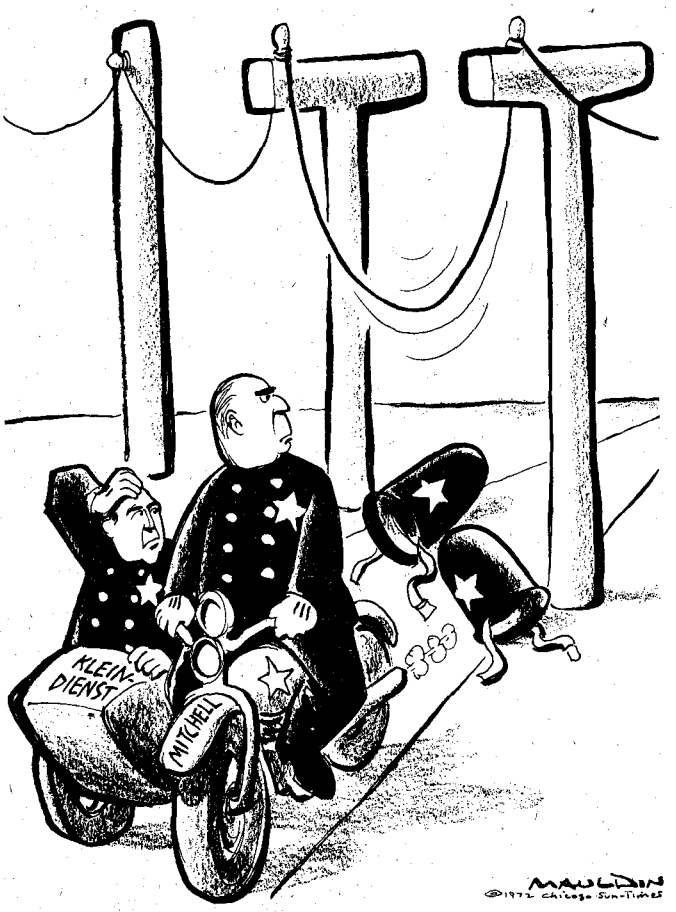
former agents who had worked on the case, a tax agent and an aide to the California state's attorney, said the article was accurate.

A day after the *Life* story broke, Jack Anderson released a bundle of 26 new ITT memos detailing the company's attempt to prevent Salvador Allende Gossens, a socialist, from becoming president of Chile. The documents are peppered with references to officials in the White House, State Department and CIA, several of whom were talking with ITT agents about ways and means of intervening in Chile. Taking a lesson from Kleindienst's difficulties, the agencies wisely declined to comment. The State Department, however, put out an official blurb saying, "Any ideas of thwarting the Chilean constitutional process following the election of 1970 were firmly rejected by this administration." A lot of work went into making that say as little as it does. It says nothing, for example, about the most important of the memos, written September 17, 1970, to the vice president of ITT in charge of public relations, E. J. Gerrity. Two of his subordinates in Chile wrote to him, "Late Tuesday night (September 15) Ambassador Edward Korry finally received a message from State Department giving him the green light to move in the name of President Nixon. The message gave him maximum authority to do all possible—short of a Dominican Republic-type action—to keep Allende from taking power." The State Department repeatedly refused to issue a full denial of this. Nor would any officials discuss the memos that describe friendly talks between CIA and ITT agents about how Allende's government might be toppled.



Although it contains little factual evidence, one of the most revealing memos in the set is the one written October 22, 1970 by the head of the Washington ITT office to his boss, the head of public relations in New York. It first names a few men in the ITT circle, then says, "All of us went over in great detail possible repercussions in Chile if and when it becomes known that we are pushing the State Department along certain lines. I, personally, feel that we don't have much to lose one way or the other, unless, of course, our so-called 'pressures' come back to haunt us in other Latin American countries. This I also doubt." The keynote is arrogance, the same kind of arrogance that once made it seem proper to send the Marines whenever US business interests were threatened in Latin America; an arrogance that expects us to believe that sacks of ITT documents were better shred than read, because they were "old and unneeded," just some "tourist brochures" and newspaper clippings.

The judiciary investigation has been faced with this sort of blind arrogance throughout, but the most stunning examples so far have been provided by ITT's spokesmen, for whom the company is a sort of nation in itself, unencumbered by democracy's annoying requirement of accountability. A short history of its dealings with Washington reveals the contempt it holds for elected officials, those "little bums." In 1969, when ITT wanted to accomplish the largest merger in history by taking over the Hartford Fire Insurance Co., two things stood in its way. One was William R. Cotter, the insurance commissioner of Connecticut who had refused to permit the merger in an earlier ruling, and who had told Ralph Nader that he needed help in resisting business pressures to reverse his decision. The other roadblock was the Justice Department's antitrust division, which had warned ITT that it would prosecute the conglomerate if the merger were completed. ITT was not deterred, and before long both obstacles were removed. The insurance commissioner changed his opinion to favor the merger, ran a $100,000 campaign for Congress and now sits as the Democratic representative for Connecticut's First District. The Justice Department filed suit against ITT and was prepared to go to court when its acting attorney general, Richard Kleindienst, and its director of antitrust actions, Richard McLaren, were persuaded that they must drop the suit to avoid damaging the economy. Neither Kleindienst nor McLaren ever sought a thorough, competent, outside evaluation of ITT's obviously self-interested "economic argument," which Kleindienst found so "impressive."

As a footnote, while ITT, with an annual income of over $6 billion, told the Connecticut insurance authorities that it didn't need the Hartford Insurance Co., it told the Justice Department, in McLaren's words, that divesting Hartford would be "almost a fatal blow."

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School Bills

The eagerly awaited report of the President's Commission on School Finance is a disappointment to those looking for guidance on how to pay for our educational system. Treading a narrow path, the 18-member commission offered some ideas strong on further research and study, but weak on remedies that reach the root of the school finance problem. Its major recommendation—to put financing fully at the state level—can hardly be viewed as revolutionary, since courts in six states have already declared that reliance on *local* resources is illegal because of the tremendous disparities in available wealth among school districts within a state. Even the commission chairman, Neil McElroy, a former secretary of defense and now chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors at Proctor & Gamble, admitted that the suits filed in nearly half the states will have a greater impact than the commission's 147-page report.

The document does have some worthwhile suggestions. Besides calling for full state funding, it recommends limiting local supplementation to 10 percent (which the courts may not allow, incidentally), and that the states take into account differentials based on need, such as the increased cost of educating handicapped or disadvantaged (read: black) children. (To help set guidelines for such costs, the commission asks for a study to develop a cost-of-education index.) The report also calls for a federal incentive program, ranging in cost from $4.6 billion to $7.8 billion over a five-year period, to help the states make the transition to full state funding. Other commendable suggestions include the initiation of an Urban Educational Assistance Program, with a $1 billion annual budget, to aid inner city schools; a $250 million allocation annually for the expansion of childhood education programs to four-year-olds; and the establishment of a National Institute of Education to help us learn "more about how children learn, how technology influences learning, how new modes of producing education can be adopted, how to improve communication between teacher and student, and much more."

Among the more controversial items is one to gently weed out poor teachers on tenure; another to study the possibility of further assistance to nonpublic schools (most of which are Roman Catholic), a recommendation that McElroy and seven other of the 18 members thought would not stand up to judicial testing; and support for "diversity in the school population" by reorganizing school districts "to encompass . . . children of diverse economic, racial and social backgrounds." The latter could include busing, but only in moderation and not to achieve racial quotas.

Other than these occasional ventures into the lion pit of public school controversy, the report is meek. With all the rhetoric at the national level about the heavy burden of school costs, there is little here, to suggest that the federal government will be involved to a much greater degree than the seven percent it now contributes to elementary and secondary education. Another major study, the National Educational Finance Project, recommended federal funding of 22 percent of all public school costs, which would represent about $10 billion of the $45 billion spent on public schools during the 1970-71 school year. The McElroy commission would add only a couple of billion to the present federal contribution.

In a two-page dissent, Dr. Clarence Walton, president of the Catholic University of America, asked his colleagues, whether they had "measured up to the challenge given by President Nixon" in establishing the commission. "The commission was asked to examine the 'adequacy of the existing tax base and structure for the support of public schools, *and possible alternatives.*' . . . [The] commission judged, incorrectly in my view, that transferring the financial burden from the local communities to the states and the listing of a series of alternatives [to implement the change] met the challenge. This recommendation for full state funding suggests greatly increased reliance on a state sales tax, personal and corporate income, and other taxes, yet no logical case was offered why one was to be preferred over others." Nor did the commission tackle the question of the value-added tax as an alternative to state funding, Dr. Walton noted. He also was worried by certain omissions: "The problem of the inner-city schools rightly receives attention. But Appalachia and other parts of rural America fared less well." (The problem of the disparity among states, which varies as much as threefold between Alaska and Alabama, was hardly touched upon in the report; and disparities *within* states are much greater and more critical.) Nor did the commission seek to answer the President's question: "Are the schools being asked to do too much? Some things might be better done elsewhere." Maybe Mr. Nixon asked too much of his school finance commission, but he got too little.

Students and Regents

Last spring, by a 3-to-1 majority, students at the University of California, Berkeley, voted to increase their student fees by $1.50 per quarter, with the money thus raised going to a student-run public interest research group and law firm. (*NR*, June 26, 1971.) Under the plan approved by the students, anyone who objected to the use of his $1.50 for the public interest group could receive a refund upon request. When the Board of Regents met in March, Berkeley chancellor Albert Bowker mildly endorsed the plan, but the regents rejected it. Athletics, cheerleaders and a ski lodge could

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be paid for out of student fees; public interest activism could not. The chairman of the Board of Regents, William French Smith, who is Governor Reagan's personal attorney and counsel for the Irvine Company, said he was afraid that those who were opposed to the law firm might be too embarrassed to ask for a refund. This would make the scheme coercive, and Smith was against coercion (though not for cheerleaders and ski lodges). The students, in fearless Nader style, might have investigated some of the land development, agribusiness, oil, insurance, electronics and department store interests that many of the regents represent.

Slush Fund

The US has agreed to loan Portugal $400 million (plus $21 million of P.L. 480 and direct aid over two years) as part of the "Azores Agreement" for air and naval use of facilities on Terceira, a Portuguese island in the central Azores. Although the previous "rental" agreed in 1950 was based on US aid, the official line is that the base is now rent-free.

When the US voted against Portugal over Angola at the UN in 1961, and the late Premier Salazar fumed, the Pentagon told President Kennedy he could risk losing Santa Maria, another of the islands, without endangering defense. Strategically, the air-sea rescue, airlift and submarine reconnaissance facilities are even more redundant today. The astronomic compensation being offered is actually covert military aid, enabling Portuguese funds to be diverted to the Angolan, Mozambican and Portuguese Guinean wars. The official rationale for the largesse is Portugal's promise of "statehood" for Angola and Mozambique. This self-government plan is meaningless in the context of Caetano's Portuguese dictatorship, barely distinguishable from Salazar's. Why should Portugal give Africans a representative government denied to Portugal itself?

The US policy ramifications are that Portuguese African "reforms" are expected to spread to financially troubled South Africa and Rhodesia. Until now, the US has been the only major western power to embargo arms for South Africa, discourage investment in apartheid, presidentially "abhor" the white regime and take a firm stand against the Rhodesian settlers. Now, public opinion is being prepared for a dynamic tilt. The Terceira slush fund is part of this. So is the January 25 decision to lift the "UN embargo" on 22 Rhodesian minerals. All this follows the fairly quiet reaction in 1970 to South African Airlines' being given landing rights at Kennedy International Airport. It's all in the name of realism. But Portugal could no more evacuate the US Air Force against its will, from anywhere, than Cuba could evict it from Guantanamo.

New Boycotts, New Troubles

The United Farm Workers (it's now a full-fledged union, no longer an organizing committee) has renewed its boycott in California against Salinas valley lettuce growers and launched a new boycott against eight Napa valley wineries (Beringer, Korbel, Charles Krug, Louis Martini, Robert Mondavi, Sebastiani, Weibel and Wente Brothers). At the same time, it has begun to organize workers in the Florida citrus fields, and last month signed a major contract with Minute Maid, a subsidiary of Coca-Cola.

The union's organizing is now endangered, however, by none other than the National Labor Relations Board, created during the New Deal to protect the workers' right to organize. The NLRB is seeking to block the farmworkers' boycott of stores and restaurants that sell nonunion wine and lettuce. The NLRB contends that, despite the exclusion of agricultural workers from the protection of the National Labor Relations Act, the United Farm Workers, as a union, is subject to the act's prohibition of secondary boycotts. It bases this contention upon a claim that the UFW represents, in addition to thousands of field workers, a handful of shed workers who are covered by the National Labor Relations Act. If the complaint is upheld it will have the effect of imposing upon farmworkers all the inhibitions of federal labor law, while conferring on them none of its benefits. It would put the union in the position of having to abandon an effective tool—the secondary boycott—or face multimillion dollar damage suits and penalties for contempt of court. It is doubtful that the union could long survive such a blow.

What prompted the NLRB to attack the farmworkers' union? In the past there had been numerous attempts by California growers to invoke the ban on secondary boycotts, but each time the NLRB ruled that the UFW was exempt from the National Labor Relations Act. The recent reversal was made by the NLRB's new general counsel, Peter Nash, appointed by President Nixon last August. The union contends that Nash's decision was prompted by GOP higher-ups. The facts are not altogether clear, but many backers of the so-called Free Marketing Council (the growers' anti-boycott organization) are well-known contributors to the Republican party.

Until a few years ago the big California growers had opposed any legislation giving bargaining rights to farmworkers. When the UFW's boycotts proved effective, the growers changed their minds: now they are pushing for state and federal laws that would effectively strip the union of power. The UFW's position is that if any labor relations legislation is to apply to agricultural workers, it should be legislation comparable to the Wagner Act. That law, passed in 1935, made it possible for struggling unions to get on their feet. Years later, after union power had been con-

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solidated, Congress passed the Taft-Hartley Act, which, among other things, prohibited secondary boycotts. "Right now we can't survive without the secondary boycott," says UFW general counsel Jerry Cohen. "Other unions had twelve years to build their power. That's all the UFW is asking."

Labor's Walkout

Because the AFL-CIO has become so much of a closed shop, run by the brusque, arrogant George Meany, even when it's right, it seems wrong. The labor bureaucracy has calcified and is no longer invigorated by the ideas and impatience of academic and nonacademic friendly outsiders. So when Meany pulls his associates off the Pay Board and the auto workers (but not the Teamsters) join the exodus, it is labor's adversary, Mr. Nixon, who wins the argument in the media, charging that labor walked out on the fight against inflation.

Not at all, says Meany's friend Hubert Humphrey; it is the President who "walked off the job three and a half years ago . . . . Prices have gone up. The consumer has not been protected. Mr. Nixon's anti-inflation program just doesn't work and it hasn't worked, and what he is trying to do is find a scapegoat. . . ." There's some truth to that, but it's not the whole truth. In the past 12 months, during three of which we had a wage-price freeze, real income has risen somewhat, with wages going up slightly faster than prices. What labor worries about primarily is the future. It worries especially about the rapid escalation of food prices. (The retail price of choice beef, for example, went up 3.9 percent this February.) On this front, the administration's fight against inflation has failed.

More generally, labor leaders including as forward-looking a man as Leonard Woodcock of the UAW, have concluded that the administration leans harder on wages than on prices. The AFL-CIO has in effect registered a no-confidence vote in the willingness or capacity of the price commission to get tough and stay tough. It also made a political decision on March 22. Unlike John Connally, labor does not want to be obliged to defend the economic policies of this administration, it wants to dislodge it.

Meanwhile, what happens to the stabilization program? Two things could be done that would help. The President could loosen up temporarily on imports (though George Meany would object; the labor movement is increasingly protectionist). This is one simple way to help restrain the push on prices. In addition, organized labor itself should announce its willingness to keep wage demands in line with productivity and the cost of living index. It should recognize, publicly, that it cannot expect increases of 10 or 15 percent, that it is ready to settle for less—if price stability is assured.

Farm Prices

Sen. Humphrey is zeroing in on Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz. In Wisconsin, Humphrey called on Butz to raise parity (a formula that relates costs to prices) to 85 percent. He explained that it was set at 85 percent last year after Members of the Milk Producers Assn. (MPA) made substantial contributions to the GOP campaign chest. But, says Humphrey, rising costs have brought it back down to 80 percent and Butz has the statutory authority to put it back up. "I think it should be 90 percent and I really favor 100 percent of parity."

Meanwhile, a survey of Iowa farmers raises doubts as to how effective Butz has been in championing high beef prices. Taken in February, when word of Butz' defense of beef prices had spread across the farm belt, the polls showed 54 percent of Iowa's farmers "disapprove" of the Nixon administration's handling of the farm program and only 23 percent approve. Twenty-three percent had "no opinion."

Disestablishment

Opponents of the seniority system in Congress are buoyed somewhat by the majority report of a three-man committee chaired by former Democratic National Chairman Fred Harris and including Senators Hubert Humphrey (Minnesota) and Herman Talmadge (Georgia). The committee grew out of the unseating of the segregationist Regular Mississippi delegation in Chicago in 1968 and its replacement by the racially mixed Loyalists, led by Aaron Henry. The '68 convention action was not viewed as binding back home, however, with the result that there are two Democratic parties in Mississippi, one recognized by the national party and the other by the local secretary of state.

The Loyalists have pressed the Mississippi congressional delegation to file for reelection in *their* primary. When the congressmen failed to do so in 1970, the Loyalists carried their battle to Washington, challenging the right of the entire seniority-rich Mississippi delegation to sit in the majority (Democratic) caucus in the House and Senate. The Loyalists were turned back, but in the Senate the matter was referred to the special Harris subcommittee.

Its report, signed by Harris and Humphrey (not Talmadge), establishes explicit standards for confer-

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ring seniority by the caucus. A senator campaigning for election or reelection must refuse the endorsement of any party which practices any form of racial, religious, or sexual discrimination, and must not support the presidential or vice-presidential candidate of any other party. Moreover, he must be elected as the nominee of the party in his state recognized by the most recent Democratic national convention. The next move is to secure formal adoption of the report by a majority of the caucus. This should come before the April 7 filing deadline on Mississippi, thus putting Sen. James Eastland on proper notice that he must file renomination papers with the Loyalist Party or risk a challenge to his very considerable seniority when he returns to the Senate in 1973.

An Alternative to Wallace

The Terry Sanford campaign in North Carolina's Democratic primary has evolved in an interesting way. It originated on the campuses in the state, among students looking for a southern alternative to Wallace. Next, it took on the aspect of a Humphrey front when HHH decided not to contest Sanford in the North Carolina primary. Sanford was one of Humphrey's backers in 1968. Now, as one candidate after another decides not to campaign actively in primaries in the mid-South, Sanford's candidacy takes on the aspects of a regionwide anti-Wallace effort.

Giving and Getting

Mr. Nixon at his March 24 press conference, on the possibility of major contributors to his 1972 campaign "getting something back for it": "Nobody gets anything back as far as the general contributions are concerned in this administration. As a matter of fact, I think some of our major complaints have been that many of our business people have not received the consideration that perhaps they thought an administration that was supposed to be business oriented would provide for it." Thomas P. Pike, a California manufacturer and Nixon supporter, in a letter soliciting contributions, quoted in *The New York Times* of March 26: "You may rest assured that he [the President] will be personally apprised of your support."

Mistake in Illinois

The Illinois primary ended with bitter recriminations because of an election-day memorandum sent out by McGovern organizers on election day. The memo instructed McGovern workers to "ignore the preference primary" between Muskie and McCarthy—a blow to McCarthy, who felt a quiet working agreement was in effect, particularly in districts in which no McCarthy delegates were running. Needless to say, the memo made its way into the hands of McCarthy, who reacted with "cold anger." Rick Stearns, a key McGovern national staffer, explained that the memo was drawn up by an "underling" of the staff. Nevertheless, he adds, "we did it and it was a mistake. It was contrary to the senator's wishes."

Although McGovern had over 100 delegate candidates running in Illinois, only three were elected. He had hoped to win as many as 25, including some in the vote-heavy suburban areas around Chicago where Dan Walker, the successful anti-Daley gubernatorial candidate, ran up 2-1 margins.

In The Public Interest

What Do You Drink?

The quality of our drinking water will become one of the top consumer issues of the seventies, and it's about time. For decades, we've known of the pollution of lakes, rivers and streams from industrial, agricultural and municipal wastes. Recently, we've had reports of such harmful contaminants as lead, mercury, pesticides, hormones, detergents, acids, plastics, viruses and bacteria in bodies of water such as Lake Michigan and Lake Erie, the Potomac and Mississippi Rivers and other waterways. But the public has been told little about the spillover of these harmful wastes into their drinking water and the gross inadequacy of municipal water purification systems.

Why have we been kept in the dark? Because local authorities responsible for the quality of our drinking water want to avoid public panic. Keeping public confidence requires secrecy about test results and waterborne disease outbreaks. We aren't told of the massive underinvestment in detection and control equipment.

Federal officials in the Public Health Service and the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) are beginning to show some concern. The EPA has finally started on revising the 1962 federal water standards, for the first time covering hundreds of chemical and other wastes. Nearly half of the nation's population today drinks water that does not meet the present, low federal standards. Traditionally, they have covered only known contaminants—no mention of mercury for example—and they're based on the fancy that relatively unpolluted water is the raw water source.

The Senate Subcommittee on the Environment is holding hearings on drinking water legislation, and there's a Senate bill introduced by Philip Hart and

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Warren Magnuson that would modernize established water testing and treatment methods and provide technical assistance and training grants. A controversial amendment giving federal government the power to set and enforce drinking water standards covering chemical, biological, physical, radiological and other contaminants will be the first matter of debate at the hearing.

What we need is rigorous preventive and detection systems, and more medical research into the hazard of contaminants. Corporate secrecy about what and how much industrial poisons are being dumped into the waterways must be stripped away. Funds for federal research and development in drinking water safety—$2 million last year—must be boosted.

Cancer researchers Drs. Wilhelm C. Hueper and W.D. Conway say that, "The most common and often prolonged, and therefore, the most dangerous contact with carcinogenic pollutants of water occurs when water thus contaminated is used for drinking purposes and in the preparation of food. It is here important that most of the agents . . . (arsenicals, chromium, radioactive substances, pesticides) are retained in the body and may accumulate in certain organs, such as the liver, skin, bones or fat tissue." Repeatedly, Dr. H.A. Schroeder, an expert on trace minerals (cadmium, mercury and lead) has pointed out the "correlation of certain qualities of municipal water supplies and deaths from congenital abnormalities in the US."

If the government neglects preventive and corrective action for which techniques are already available, "a major water borne problem . . . is going to create a national hysteria and a crisis in water hygiene." The warning comes from Harry J. Graeser, director of the Dallas Water Utilities Department.

Ralph Nader

Mr. Heath's Irish Gamble

Remote Control

London

Both here and in Dublin, Prime Minister Heath's decision to take over full responsibility for Northern Ireland, to suspend the Stormont Parliament and government, to phase out internment and to allow the people regular plebiscites on their political future was almost immediately recognized for what it was: the casting aside of a policy that had failed and its replacement by one that at least offers some hope (however fragile) of breaking a seemingly hopeless political impasse. It is never agreeable for any government to have to eat its words, and there can be no escaping the fact that the new constitutional "package" in one sense represents a victory for the IRA. A government that only weeks ago was still proclaiming its intention of offering no political concessions at all until it had "got on top of the gunmen" now faces the charge of having given way to terrorist pressure. The Protestants promptly staged a work stoppage, and Brian Faulkner, the displaced premier of Ulster, asked bitterly: "If Belfast is to bow before violence this year, whence will the surrender come next year?" and went on to suggest (much after the manner of Dean Rusk over Vietnam) that with such a precedent established no city even in the heart of Britain could count itself safe. It says a good deal for Mr. Heath's toughness that he was prepared to face that kind of attack.

The detailed story of the British prime minister's education at the hands of events in Ulster may never come out, but there is no longer any secret about the date of the happening that spurred Mr. Heath's change of mind. The decisive turning point came on January 30—Londonderry's Bloody Sunday—when 13 Catholic civilians were killed by British paratroopers. In a Cabinet subcommittee the process immediately began of working out some alternative to military repression, an alternative that was eventually accepted by the prime minister despite protests within the government and threats of revolt in the Conservative party outside. Whatever long-term defections there are among the eight Ulster unionist MPs at Westminster—supported perhaps by a smattering of other right-wing conservatives—will be more than made up for by the already pledged support for the new package on the part of both Labour and Liberal parties in the Commons. A far greater source of anxiety to Mr. Heath and his cabinet must be the eventual impact of the initiative within Ulster itself. If the imposition of direct rule from Westminster were to lead to the long-feared Protestant backlash—to Mr. William Craig and his supporters in the Ulster vanguard movement resorting to violence—the conclusion for any British government would be inescapable. Domestic public opinion simply would not tolerate the sight of British soldiers being made the prime victims of what in effect would be a religious civil war. The demand—already surprisingly strong—for the total withdrawal of British troops would become irresistible. Ulster, in the eyes of the ordinary British voter, would have proved herself ungovernable. There would be nothing for it but for the Westminster government to wash its hands of the whole affair—much as it did over Palestine in 1948.

Yet it is perhaps the knowledge that this would be the case that provides Mr. Heath's new policy with its main hope of success. For the militant Loyalists of Ulster claim they stand for the maintenance of the British connection. It now remains a matter primarily for them whether it is destroyed or not. In that sense Mr. Heath's plan has all the elements of a classical political gamble, openly designed to reassure the

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minority Catholic population and, above all, to separate their interests from those of the IRA. It can only have been launched in the full awareness of the risk that it might provoke Ulster's most extreme Protestants into IRA-type action themselves. But that risk has been regarded as worth taking for the very good reason that in following any such course, the Ulster Protestants would have to recognize that they would be putting in peril the very cause that they have stood for over the past 50 years.

Anthony Howard

Buck Rogers and The Deadly Laser

Buck Rogers' "Death Ray" is no longer merely a fantasy in the mind of a child or a science fiction writer. "It is the object of a worldwide technological race," says *Air Force* magazine, which is proceeding under "extreme security precautions." Bombers that can "vaporize interceptors by thermal radiation" and a "new generation of nuclear weapons dramatically different" from today's atomic and hydrogen bombs are the payoff of a Defense Department $100 million investment in laser research and development.

Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a guided missile, the laser travels at the speed of light, radiating energy at several trillion times the intensity of the sun's surface with pinpoint accuracy. Pentagon weapons planners recognized the laser's potential as a death ray in 1959, a year before the first operating laser was demonstrated. But not until 1968 did a technological breakthrough in high-energy lasers shove the weapons program into high gear. The Defense Department set up a project at the Air Force Special Weapons Laboratory, located at Kirtland Air Force Base near Albuquerque, New Mexico. Code-named "Eighth Card," the project was under the guidance of the Advanced Research Projects Agency, which specializes in high-risk, high-gain programs. Its security level, reports *Air Force*, "was comparable to the World War II atomic bomb project."

In June, 1971, a million dollar testing lab was completed at Kirtland, not far from where the first atomic bomb was exploded 27 years ago outside Alamogordo. In the nearby foothills of the Manzano mountains, the Air Force operates a laser-weapons-firing test range. Several times a day, scientists pull the trigger of a gigantic 60,000-watt "gas dynamic" laser gun, sending up puffs of light grey smoke followed by a muffled two-second roar. Two miles away, a wooden target bursts into flames. This spring the scientists will start using their multimillion dollar toy on more interesting targets; they will try to shoot down unmanned robot airplanes.

According to *Aviation Week* magazine, the Air Force is "intensively investigating" the feasibility of equipping its new $15 million F-15 "air superiority" fighter with a laser radiation weapon for shooting down enemy aircraft and missiles. Major General Douglas T. Nelson, project manager for the $45 million B-1 supersonic bomber, says a laser ray gun looks "very promising" for use on the B-1, to become operational by 1979. Armed with a laser gun, reports the authoritative *Armed Forces Journal*, the B-1 "would be capable of penetrating any known defended area with near impunity."

While the general public is kept in the dark about laser weapons, the industry is informed of needs and developments through "secret" Defense Department symposiums and leaks to military and trade publications. Nevertheless, laser weaponry is still "one of the most closely guarded national secrets," reported *Air Force* magazine in its January, 1972 issue. "Only a handful of top government officials are privy to the full scope of the US program."

One of them, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, recently alluded to a top-secret laser weapon in the unclassified version of his annual report to Congress. The Russians, he claimed, are close to achieving a "major new military capability" comparable to the Sputnik, which surprised the world in 1957. According to the Associated Press, Laird was referring to Soviet development of a system for shooting down or neutralizing orbiting US satellites, which are crucial to defense communications and surveillance. What Laird neglected to mention was that as long ago as 1962, the US Air Force proposed studying the use of lasers to disable sensors aboard "hostile" satellites, in a five-year, multimillion dollar research and development program code-named "Black Eye." Currently, under Air Force Project Spade, Avco Corporation is developing a space-based laser radiation weapon system that could thermally destroy targets in space. Grant Hansen, assistant secretary of the Air Force, has told a House committee that Pentagon officials think it possible to build a superpower laser system that "could track a ballistic missile from a space-based defense system and kill it over the country it was launched from."

Ballistic missile defense was the prime reason behind the Pentagon's initial funding in 1962 of $2.5 million for developing laser ray guns. In addition to the use of the laser as a "missile melter," scientists foresee laser-triggered neutron bombs capable of "defusing" incoming ICBM warheads. The Atomic Energy Commission says it is studying the use of lasers in "enhanced radiation weapons." Last year the Advanced Research Projects Agency requested

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$5.8 million to study the feasibility of supplementing the costly Safeguard ABM system with laser weaponry.

Soon after he invented the first laser in 1960, Dr. Theodore H. Maiman of Hughes Aircraft called it a multimillion dollar "solution in search of a problem." Twelve years later, the laser has found a variety of applications: clothing manufacturers use lasers to cut cloth accurately for a "guaranteed perfect fit"; plumbers use lasers to lay sewer pipe more accurately; light artists use lasers to dazzle the mind with psychedelic light shows; and the Air Force uses lasers to guide bombs in their targets in Indochina.

Laser Focus magazine reports that military uses of laser systems account for more sales than *all other applications combined.* This year, the Pentagon will spend more than $100 million on laser systems for communications, navigation, reconnaissance, range-finding, gunfire control, and bomb and missile guidance. (The often touted medical applications of lasers amount to only $1.5 million worth of equipment.)

John S. Foster, the Pentagon's top man for research and engineering, says that Air Force "dependence" on these systems will increase over the coming years because of "the many benefits derived," such as fewer bombs, fewer airplanes, and "increased pinpoint destruction accuracy."

In Indochina, laser-guided or "smart" bombs—which cost four to five times as much as the conventional or "dumb" bombs they replaced—have resulted in a tenfold increase in the accuracy of weapons delivery, claims the Air Force. Their success there has sparked a variety of new developments in laser-guided ordnance (including bombs, rockets, artillery, and recoilless rifles) by the Air Force, the Navy, and the Army. The Pentagon recognizes that it will be necessary to "increase their complexity," says *Aviation Week,* so they can operate in "less benign combat conditions than those found in Vietnam."

The laser, as *Ordnance* magazine has pointed out, is a perfect example of a basic research project "that had absolutely no relevance to any military use at the time it was financially supported by the Department of Defense." Scientists and engineers have traditionally ignored the military applications of their basic research. "There is an unmistaken amorality which infects some of my engineering colleagues," says Rand Corporation engineer Paul Baran. "Whatever we are paid to work on we automatically rationalize to be a blessing to mankind."

In February, Stanford Professor Arthur L. Schawlow, who with Dr. Charles H. Townes developed the theoretical principle of laser operation in 1958, discussed the current uses of lasers. In response to a question after he had overlooked the military applications of lasers, Schawlow declared: "I don't know what the military applications are; I don't *want* to know." He called the laser a "very powerful force for science and humanity," but granted "it could be used for evil things, I suppose." Robert R. Manley, an industry consultant, is more explicit. He calls the laser "the most revolutionary tool for mankind since the atom bomb."

Robert Barkan

Mr. Barkan *is a member of the Pacific Studies Center in East Palo Alto, California.*

The Nixon Watch

President vs. Press

Mr. Nixon was looking mighty chipper when he strode into the Oval Office at nine minutes past three on the afternoon of March 24 and invited the reporters who had been called in without notice for the 23rd press conference of his presidency to fire away. He had on a powder-blue suit, beautifully pressed and not a wrinkle in it, a mildly startling departure from the darkish greys that he usually wears. Standing between his desk and the sun-lit windows at his back, with most of his weight on his right foot and his left leg slightly cocked over his right, he was tanned and smiling faintly and very much at ease when the questioning began. There were no cameras, no sound recorders except the one taking down the questions and answers for transcript purposes. It was strictly a notebook session, the second of the kind that the President has risked this year, a deliberate show of reliance upon the reporters to give fair and accurate accounts of what he said instead of addressing himself directly to the public over television and radio. Mr. Nixon answered, partly answered and refused to answer 21 questions in 30 minutes. At the end, when he sat down in his high-backed leather chair and opened an appointment book on his desk, he seemed to me to be noticeably tense and tired and I think I know why. Pretense does not come easily to Richard Nixon, however successfully he may indulge in it at times, and a performance that I judged to be skillful and effective on the whole must have been, for the President, an exhausting pretense at friendly and enjoyed exchange with the working press.

For authoritative evidence that the March 24 performance and others like it had to be exercises in pretense, I turned to my review copy of the first book about the Nixon White House to be written by a Nixon insider. The book is *President Nixon and the Press* (Funk & Wagnalls; $6.95). Its author is James Keogh, a former *Time* editor who was a special assistant to the President and the chief of the White House writing and research staff in 1969-70. It opens with an account of Nixon at a meeting with the members of his newly chosen Cabinet and their wives on December 12, 1968,

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the day after the President-elect introduced his appointees to the nation in a paid telecast. In galley proofs distributed by the publisher in January, "the essence" of what Nixon said to the group about their coming problems with the press appears as follows:

"Always remember, the men and women of the news media approach this as an adversary relationship. The time will come when they will run lies about you, when the columnists and editorial writers will make you seem to be scoundrels or fools or both and the cartoonists will depict you as ogres. Some of you wives will get up in the morning and look at the papers and start to cry. Now don't let this get you down—don't let it defeat you. And don't try to adjust your actions to what you think will please them. Do what you believe is the right thing to do and let the criticism roll off your back. Don't answer them in kind. Treat them as ladies and gentlemen. But you will find it difficult to deal with them as friends, no matter how well you may have known them."

It was to the last three sentences, the ones about ladies and gentlemen and friends, that I looked in the published book for my evidence. They are not in the published book. The following sentences appear in their place: "Don't think that the criticism you see or hear in one or two places is all that is getting through to the public. This is part of the process of communicating with the country and part of your job."

The thrust of Keogh's book and argument is that "Richard Nixon came to the Presidency not only without the support of most of the men and women who reported the news and commented on it, but with their active opposition." This attitude is attributed in part to personal prejudices and antipathies that had accumulated through Nixon's prior public years; in part to journalism's historic "obsession with the negative." But the serious argument, and it is a serious and documented argument, goes to what Keogh calls the "empathy" of most national journalists "for what is still best described, for all the over-use of the term, as the 'liberal' political philosophy." Keogh, whom I found to be a thoroughly conservative and decent and intelligent fellow when he was at the White House, disavows the corollary view that "there was a 'conspiracy' among journalists to control what the people saw and heard." He definitely does not disavow the most prominent exponent of the conspiratorial view, Vice President Agnew, but there are some refreshing acknowledgments, softly stated, that Agnew suffers from certain lacks of judgment and sensitivity. Keogh writes: "There was, of course, no conspiracy. There was a condition—a condition of conformity in which the most important and influential news media in the United States tended to report and comment on the news in a way which favored one political-philosophical point of view."

To all of which I say: so there was and so there is and so what? It is quite true, as Keogh asserts and shows at boring length, that most of the reporters who regularly cover the Nixon White House and many of the commentators who pass upon Mr. Nixon's policies and actions simply do not like and trust the man any more than he likes and trusts them. Granting that a gap of politics and philosophy and personal interaction does lie between the President and most of the journalists who track and vex him, I doubt that the general coverage of the Nixon presidency has been as deeply affected and as seriously distorted as Keogh says it has. Richard Nixon has had a better run with the national media than Lyndon Johnson had during most of his presidency. John Kennedy resented much of the coverage that he got from journalists who were, as Keogh says with a touch of envy, biased toward him rather than against him. The aspect of this book that interests me most is the evidence in it of the loyalist myopia that afflicts the President's associates. They reject, they cannot recognize, the possibility that Mr. Nixon brings upon himself most of his troubles and dissatisfactions with the press.

CBS Correspondent Dan Rather is rebuked for characterizing Mr. Nixon's discussion of his decision to invade Cambodia with congressional leaders as "a dialogue of the deaf." Keogh writes that "those of us who sat in on the meetings found them to be quite the contrary, with most of the members of Congress who were there showing deep interest, receptivity and appreciation." Exactly: White House accounts of such meetings would sound less like "dialogues of the deaf" if evidence were offered that the President's guests ever differ with him. "Some media" are denounced for overplaying Nixon's remark in Denver that Charles Manson, a defendant who was then on trial in Los Angeles, "was guilty, directly or indirectly, of eight murders without reason." Keogh notes that the Nixon staff was at fault "for not admitting and correcting the slip more quickly and frankly" than it did. The point he misses is that Attorney General John Mitchell, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, domestic assistant John Ehrlichman, and several other Nixonites who heard the remark were incapable of grasping and admitting quickly to themselves the fact that their man had made such a grievous boner.

Much is made in the book of the media's emphasis upon Mr. Nixon's law-and-order theme during his campaigning for Republican senators and representatives in 1970. It may be true that in all but one of his campaign speeches the President devoted more time to "war and peace, welfare reform, revenue sharing, the environment and other issues" than he did "to dissent and violence—which he also discussed in every speech." But the "large distortion" that Keogh accuses the media of perpetrating would have occurred if the reporters had been so befuddled as to subordinate Mr. Nixon's raucous calls for law-and-order to his more placid themes. The reporters put

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their emphasis precisely where the President put his, on the bids to the rabble that got and were intended to get the cheers.

Tell it like it is, Keogh instructs the press. He upholds the right and duty of the press to analyze and criticize. But the message that comes through his call for more straight reporting and less advocacy is: tell it like officialdom says it is.

John Osborne

The Paradox of Prison Reform—II

Can Corrections Correct?

by Robert Martinson

"We know that corrections can rehabilitate."
Ramsey Clark in *Crime in America*

We hear it said that if correctional treatment of prisoners hasn't worked yet, that is because it hasn't really been given a chance. The claim begins to wear thin, since treatment has been the official ideology of corrections for over half a century.

Treatment hasn't worked—according to its apologists—because it is resisted by backward guards (who must be professionalized), Doubting Thomases (who will succumb to evangelical exhortation), ordinary citizens (permeated with racism and revenge), archaic judges (unacquainted with psychiatry), timid academics (who won't abandon theory for the nitty-gritty work of reforming delinquents), and short-sighted legislators (interested in taxes, not in transforming prisons into hospitals).

If we took this view literally, research would be useless and evidence of success and failure irrelevant. If a study indicates that a particular treatment has no effect, there's no need to worry, for it means that *more* treatment is needed or more *intense* treatment. But what if all available forms of correctional treatment are found to be unsuccessful? For instance, there's a good deal of enthusiasm these days about work release for inmates. Ramsey Clark finds that "... the most discouraging thing [about it is the] timidity of the program and the opposition it arouses." But do we know that it works? My colleagues and I who have been examining the literature have found no study of work release that meets minimal scientific standards. Successful programs to divert offenders from prisons are needed, and I am anxious to look at the research design as well as Mr. Clark's interpretation of the findings. Mr. Clark asserts that "five percent failed" on work release. This is heartening since "... before the program was launched 50 percent were failing when finally released." One does not come across such dramatic successes often. But then Mr. Clark tells us that prisoners for work release were "cautiously selected," and "... nearly every prisoner wanted work release." If one "cautiously selects" such "good risks" their rates would be low whatever program you placed them on —work release, standard parole, or running the wheel at Las Vegas. Prisons are filled with offenders who will never commit another crime. If the "expected" rate of recidivism for these men was in fact 50 percent, then the "observed" rate of 5 percent was an improvement and work release an astounding success. But was it?

Let me refer to one more study mentioned in *Crime in America* because Mr. Clark seems to be citing evidence from studies conducted by the California Youth Authority under the direction of Marguerite Warren—the Community Treatment Project. Young offenders were randomly designated as "experimentals" (those who receive the treatment) and "controls" (those who do not). Hence, comparisons between recidivism rates are interpretable. The failure rates cited are 54 percent for "controls," and only 30

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percent for "experimentals."

Marguerite Warren's project evaluated community supervision in lieu of incarceration for juvenile offenders (male and female) ready for their first commitment to an institution. With the agreement of the court, experimental subjects, graded by "maturity level," were assigned to small caseloads (12) and given the type of supervision deemed best for the type of offender. The lowest maturity level delinquents (12) were given supportive help, the middle group (13) secure control, and the most mature group (14) "insight" supervision. "Controls" were incarcerated and then released on standard youth parole (about 50 to 70 in a caseload). What were the results?

Matching maturity level with type of supervision produced no significant difference in success rates. However, a significant difference in failure rates resulted for all but one of the maturity subgroups, the group called "Cultural Identifiers," which had a significantly *higher* failure rate than its controls; to be blunt, the treatment *harmed* them.

Why did "success" rates (measured by honorable discharges) and "failure" rates (by re-confinement) not mirror one another? This puzzle took months to unravel. My colleagues and I concluded that the experimental agents (who received special training) *tolerated more misbehavior* than the control agents. In short, *treatment may change the behavior of the agent rather than the behavior of the offender.* Finally, however, experimental offenders committed a larger number of offenses of all sorts than did controls and a larger number of more severe offenses.

Was the program a failure or a success?

Experimentals committed *more* offenses but were kept out of prison; controls committed *fewer* offenses under supervision of the regular agents but were returned to prison more often. How do you make a cost benefit analysis of that? What costs should be included? The experimental program had high costs for training these special agents and so forth. The control program included the higher costs of incarceration (about 10 times the cost of supervision in the community). But experimentals committed more offenses and these offenses involved victims. The property stolen from the victims might be included, but how is one rationally to include the cost of a violent offense or a rape?

Mr. Clark says: "We have demonstrated that recidivism—the repetition of crime by individuals—can be cut in half." He has demonstrated only a cavalier attitude toward scientific research. Many hopes hang on the results of the Marguerite Warren studies, but they are difficult to interpret. To illustrate, one study in the Northern California Federal Probation district randomly assigned probationers to three types of supervision—15-man caseloads, standard 50-man caseloads, and "minimal" (no supervision). The study (Joseph Lohman, 1967) reported *no significant differences* in the new offense rates for these three types of supervision. However, the 15-man caseloads were associated with a *higher* rate of "technical" violation (that is, return to prison by action of the agent) than the other two levels of supervision.

The implications are immense. "No supervision" appears to do as well as standard probation supervision in 50-man caseloads, and *more* treatment (small caseloads) resulted in more probationers being sent to prison by their agents. Why? The reader will never know until this type of inquiry is guided by a theory of probation supervision. Instead of a theory (open to testing), we have the myth which asserts that probation officers "treat" probationers and that smaller caseloads must mean more "treatment."

If we are to *Break Down the Walls*, as writer John Bartlow Martin advised, we must provide alternatives to incarceration for large numbers of offenders. If small caseloads (intense supervision) damage the probationer, or standard probation supervision is fruitless, why waste the time and energies of trained probation personnel? The caseload concept (borrowed from social welfare) has somehow become the basis of an organization designed to control *criminal* behavior. Is "help" given to an offender by professionals who have the duty to return him to prison self-contradictory? Why has another study indicated that a factor called "adequacy" of supervision is more important than caseload size in determining recidivism rates? Could a properly organized probation and parole system combine genuine help and nondamaging deterrence or should these functions be completely separated?

The aim of research is knowledge not justification. Without more and better research, we will permit arrogant assertion to rule us. To bring scattered research together, my colleagues and I initiated a search in 1967 for all studies of correction treatment published since 1945. The search took six months and resulted in 231 accepted studies which generated 285 findings. The resulting volume—*The Treatment Evaluation Survey*—will not make easy bedtime reading but it presents the most reliable current evidence. The 800-page volume was completed under the auspices of the Office of Crime Control Planning, State of New York, and if all goes well, it will be published later this year, five years after it was initiated.

The conclusions will not come as a surprise to those engaged in correctional research, or to many practitioners who have long suspected that it is difficult to treat persons who do not wish to be treated. The Office of Crime Control Planning (now the Division of Criminal Justice) was farsighted in underwriting scientific inquiry with no instant guarantee of pay-off. I absolve them and my co-workers from responsibility for the interpretation I place on these findings. On the whole, the evidence from the survey indicated that the present array of correctional treatments has no appreciable effect—positive or negative—on the rates of recidivism

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of convicted offenders.

The present list of treatments is not lengthy. For example, Americans believe strongly in the value of education, so no self-respecting prison can be without formal classroom instruction. Or since many Americans find salvation in therapy groups why not try them on inmates? The list includes small caseloads in probation or parole which have no effect (with the interesting exception of *youthful* offenders given "intensive" probation supervision). Group counselling or therapy has no effect, although "group" supervision reduces costs. Psychiatric treatment may actually be "harmful" if it is given to younger "non-amenable" offenders. Formal education increases reading and writing skills but those who benefit go on to recidivate at the same rate. Early release (90 days) does not increase recidivism for adult offenders and may decrease rates slightly for young people. Early release also saves money. The highly touted halfway houses actually *increased* recidivism slightly, probably because offenders perceived their stay as an additional period of deprivation of liberty, but there are only a handful of studies on this. The picture is little different for cosmetic surgery for facial defects (by itself), specialized caseloads for addicts or chronic drunks, job training (a little hope), prison vocational training, and for programs resembling these in the *intensity* of the treatment.

How can all this determined effort come to naught? Recently critics have suggested that the "individual treatment model" is faulty since it grants "broad discretionary powers" so that treatment agents may attend to "each offender's unique needs." But surely a humane society would do just this! In fact, there is little evidence in these studies of truly "individualized" help. And in all cases, treatment is forced and involves some degree of deprivation of liberty and therefore the strong probability of interference with what I have called "life cycle progress." To jettison real help for those who are faltering on the path is a counsel of despair. The "dangerous myth" permits professional experts to one-sidedly impose un-asked-for help, and to use "broad discretionary powers" to continue the process when the "help" does not help.

Taking a foreshortened view, these critics fail to see the central paradox—*deprivation of liberty is increasingly damaging in a society which fails to provide democratic opportunity, and yet demands skillful and uncoerced effort from its citizens.* In the long run, we must replace coerced treatment with real help.

I chose to criticize Ramsey Clark as a leading spokesman for treatment although I share many of his views on other matters. But the myth of treatment is no longer consistent with these liberal views or with the "passion for justice" which Mr. Clark bravely upholds against the hard-liners who now appear to be gaining.

If corrections does not correct, we should stop assuring inmates that it does or soon will.

This is the second of four articles.

Will He Come to the Aid of the Party?

A Scenario For Kennedy

by Paul R. Wieck

The scenario is easy to write. Lean back and let your mind drift off. A half dozen scripts will surface, any one of which will do.

Say, it's four a.m. on Thursday, the 13th of July in Miami Beach. You've just slipped into a hall jammed with young people, who've come from the auditorium. After three inconclusive ballots for the party's presidential nomination, the convention has adjourned until the next afternoon. The air is thick with rumors—hopeful rumors, frightening ones. There has been virtually no movement among the delegates and none of the frontrunners is anywhere near the 1508 votes needed to win. The young people you're mingling with are split among three or four candidates, and they're weary.

Listen while an impassioned young man, tie loosened, hair tousled, takes the podium and pleads with his peers to put aside their differences and rally be-

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hind the "one man who can bring us back together, who can give us a renewed purpose." Listen in your mind's ear to the cheers, the stomping and clapping as a new hope sweeps over the divided audience.

It's several hours later. The sun is in the hot sky over Miami Beach as you join a throng in the corridor before a closely guarded door. Behind that door, Chicago's Mayor Daley and his large bloc of "uncommitted" delegates have been meeting. Suddenly, there's a stir near the door and the squat boss of Chicago's Democrats steps out to face dozens of mikes pushed toward him. You hear him say it. Nearly 100 Illinois delegates have decided to discard the frontrunners "to go with a winner." He answers questions bluntly, "Yes," he's been in touch. "No," he can't elaborate. "Yes," he's sure this move can unify the 170-member Illinois delegation, perhaps on the next ballot, or the one after that. It can help break the deadlock.

Imagine the convention floor. A soft-spoken Chicano girl, a delegate, explains to several middle-aged "Anglos" the affection her people hold for this man, the reasons why he's the only one who can rouse her community for the hard fight ahead in November. A few more restless, uncertain delegates gather around. "Who's going to make the first move," they ask.

Perhaps you'd prefer to go to the black caucus or the women's caucus instead of the student caucus. Does it matter? Would the arguments be any different? Or to the press conference of a midwestern governor or a state chairman from New England, instead of Mayor Daley's. Wouldn't the reason be the same—"go with a winner"?

The name would be the same—Teddy, Teddy, Teddy.

To give a touch of realism to your scenario, you'll have to go back a few months to the spring primaries. What do you recall? Only one word will describe them—inconclusive, though you may want to add such terms as frustrating, divisive, debilitating.

There's Humphrey, still the happy warrior operating on three sets of glands as he carries his laundry list from state to state, trying to rebuild the old liberal coalition of the late fifties and early sixties—organized labor, led by the same crusty, cold warriors; family farmers, diminishing in numbers and still erratic in their voting habits; the black community, growing in political strength and anxious to flex its muscles; the Jewish community, comfortable with Hubert.

They "trust" Humphrey. They helped him to a modest victory in Wisconsin, another in Pennsylvania, made him the major contender against Wallace in Maryland, though they couldn't deliver Ohio or California.

But is this the man to pull it all together in the summer of 1972 and do what he couldn't do four years before—beat Nixon? You wince.

So you turn to Muskie, who once seemed the answer. The polls were impressive, from time to time, showing him ahead of Nixon. Party luminaries clamored to get aboard his bandwagon. But someone forgot to tell the voters. He was a bit disappointed in New Hampshire, a disaster in Florida, a loser in Wisconsin. Then he picked up in Ohio and won that upset in Oregon. He got some help from a few southern governors and arrived in Miami Beach as the frontrunner, or almost. But it's too late. He bores the delegates, leaves TV viewers puzzled by his air of diffidence, his occasional testiness.

Your mind goes on to McGovern, the hardworking, gentle, bland man from the Great Plains who wants the nomination worse than any of them, who's worked longer and harder to get it and has made more headway than anyone expected. People still talk about his stunning, upset victory in California, a win that deprived both Humphrey and Muskie of the momentum they needed in the final weeks before the convention. And that big bloc of New York delegates he won. But he won in California with only 34 percent of the vote; in fact, he was never again able to match his 37 percent in New Hampshire, except in his home state of South Dakota where he was unopposed. Is this a majority candidate? A winner?

You return to a smaller student caucus, where another young man has the floor as he describes in quiet tones something that happened last night: "I had a couple drinks with a Pennsylvania delegate. He's my age. Twenty-five. But he didn't go to college; he's a steelworker. We talked for a long time before we found something to agree on. He trusts Humphrey, I don't. He sort of likes Wallace, but he's afraid he's too radical. He's against amnesty. He thinks we should have won in Vietnam. But we agreed on one thing—Ted Kennedy can do it. That's why I'm shifting."

A draft? The last time anyone hinted at one was in 1952 when the Democrats nominated Adlai E. Stevenson. But that wasn't a draft. The bosses, led by Harry Truman, helped arrange that. Anyway, Stevenson didn't protest or make the Sherman statement, or even *act* unwilling. The last Democratic deadlock was in 1924, long before most of the delegates at the Miami Beach convention were born. There hasn't been a deadlock since the two-thirds rule was dropped in 1936. In 1952, the nomination was all wrapped up

COMING: How bad is the value added tax? an assessment by Melville J. Ulmer

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neatly by the third ballot.

Can an unwilling candidate really be drafted?

Kennedy has said again and again that he's not available in '72. So-called "Kennedy men" have been signing up with other candidates for months, particularly with McGovern although they're also found in the Humphrey, Muskie and Lindsay camps. To a man, they insist they believe Kennedy when he says he doesn't want it. But won't take it? What if his party needs him? What if it becomes apparent he's the only one who can assemble a substantial majority of the delegates? What then?

There was a Kennedy movement in Chicago in 1968. It started on the floor and caught on, engulfing the McCarthy and McGovern activists overnight. It represented the only hope of stopping Humphrey, of salvaging something out of the months of toil in the primaries and the conventions. There were high-level strategy meetings. Then, word came from Hyannisport. "*No.*" It could come again in Miami Beach, and persons close to Kennedy assure you that it will. Nevertheless . . . can you imagine Chicago's Daley stepping out from the closed-door caucus to announce that his delegates, close to 100 in number, were switching to a man, either before or after the balloting started, unless he knew the answer would be "yes," even a reluctant "yes."

Those who've watched Daley over the years can testify he likes an ethnically balanced ticket. He already has a Pucinski running for the Senate, detracting somewhat from a Muskie. But a Kennedy-Stevenson or Kennedy-Mondale ticket backed up by a Pucinski with a renegade Walker thrown in could be very easy to sell in Chicago. It must have crossed his mind.

What would Kennedy's close friends, the men who long to see him in the White House one day, do in the event a match was thrown and the fire spread through the convention? Here one encounters the real reluctance. They also loved his two brothers and, privately, they'll tell you they don't want to see Kennedy nominated, at least not this year. Perhaps 1976. The wounds are too fresh; he's too vulnerable; the emotional quotient is too high. Don't do it to him. More than one voice will be raised to express such sentiments.

Take yourself back to that youth caucus in the early morning hours. Wait till the cheers die away and watch as a highly respected figure on the party's left comes to the podium. There's a hush of expectancy. You hear him talk of a friend, a friend who has suffered too much, a friend who can't be expected to make this sacrifice, even for his party or his country, at this time and in this place. You hear a somber appeal to youth, to all the delegates, to find another answer to their dilemma. They disperse, quietly. Then you recall scenes—deeply emotional scenes in people's living rooms, tense moments filled with angry words as friends vow they'd never, never vote for Teddy. Democrats. Liberals. Old Kennedy hands. You wonder what the suburbs would do. They contain the biggest chunk of votes. Would the typical housewife forgive? You can't be certain.

But there are other scenes. Like the day in the fall of 1969 when Kennedy traveled to the Southwest to speak to a national gathering of Indians, to the leaders of a people seldom demonstrative. You watch the long, standing ovation, the trust in those faces. You recreate that scene in black ghettoes, Mexican-American barrios. Isn't that a strength that hasn't been calculated, that will mean even more as voting barriers are knocked over?

What kind of convention will it be?

You remember Chicago. Row after row of white males, all over 30, "pols" or "regulars" or whatever you want to call them. Will they be back? Not in those numbers. The early caucuses have already shown us—in Arizona, in Georgia—that the "pols" can't function unless the cards are stacked in their favor. The kids run circles around them. So do the blacks and the Mexican-Americans. There will be rows filled with young people, ghetto housewives, women's liberationists, looking for a leader. Can that kind of convention be controlled, even by a plea of a friend or an uncompromising "no."

The irony is obvious. Since he took himself out of the running, Kennedy has been sharper than ever on the issues, so much better than the candidates themselves. It reminds one of the late Everett Dirksen, who explained to the press one day in the spring of 1964 that the time comes in the life of every senator when he realizes he won't be President. For Dirksen, that time really *had* come, or so he then said. It was the making of him. In 1960, freed of the restraints or hopes of ambition, he became a national leader. Could the same be true of a man who took himself out of competition for just one year? If so, the effect may be the same, making him far more attractive, raising the demand for his services and adding a dimension of inevitability to his future.

Perhaps the primaries will be conclusive. Humphrey could sweep a series of Midwest primaries (Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan) and gather the momentum to carry him to victory in California and to the nomination. Or Muskie might recover and be within easy reach of the nomination on an early ballot. Even McGovern could build a student-worker coalition to overwhelm his skeptics.

But don't count on it.

You're at Miami Beach. You see your party in shambles, disspirited, yearning for someone who can give it the energy and unity for the fight against the common foe. If his party calls him four years before he's ready, will an unwilling young man put aside his personal fears and doubts and the premonitions of close friends and family, gird himself for an incredible emotional outpouring, and say "yes"?

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Gerrit Henry on art

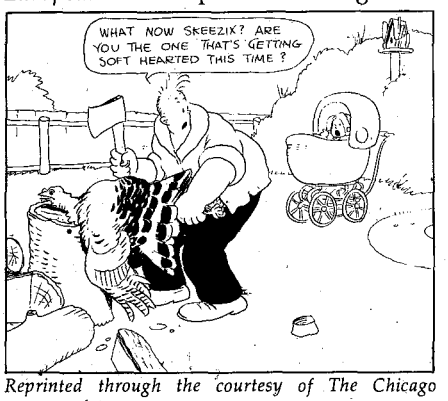
Pop Pop Pop

A new spring show at the Graham Gallery in Manhattan, "Cartoon and Comic Art" (running through April 29) once again brings up a question that may well be on many of our minds: are the various reinvestigations, rehashings and rediscoveries of American popular art with which our culture is presently being beseiged really worth it?

The last big one in the city, "75 Years of Comic Art" at The New York Cultural Center, wasn't, but the failure of this particular exhibition was due not so much to the popular art on display as the wrongheaded curatorial impulse behind it. Despite an interesting and intelligent catalogue introduction by Maurice Horn ("the intellectual limitations of the comic . . . are also their strength"), the show emerged as only a kind of defensive historiography of the comic strip form, mainly because its reach was too extensive, and its presentation (just the plain old Sunday supplement full-page color comics nicely mounted) too limited. The new show at Graham boasts, in almost every case, the comic artists' original hand-drawn, -lettered, and -colored panels; this bright, "out of the inkwell" feeling adds a lot of necessary zip to the exhibition, but doubts still remain as to whether all this elevating of a popular, often vulgar art form to the status of art might not be just a kind of updated sentimentality.

The question becomes even more genuine when one considers the amount of cultural nostalgia-izing, both overt and covert, Americans as a whole have been going in for lately. Old-movie revival houses are doing a brisk business; mass-audience books like *Tracy and Hepburn* are making the best-seller lists while specialty items like *Cole* have become *the* gift. Revivals of "No, No Nanette!," "The Country Girl," and other chestnuts are now running on Broadway, and it was recently announced that a Stephen Sondheim (he of the counter-nostalgic "Follies") musical of less than a decade ago is soon to have its second go on the Great White Way. Coffee-table-size explorations and analyses of comic strip super heroes vie for precedence with R. Crumb's funky, dirty comic books in Manhattan bookstores, while Viking press is bringing out a library of old MGM film scripts, including "A Night at the Opera," "Ninotchka," and "North by Northwest." Where are the cultural snows of yesteryear? Here, now, and it's a blizzard.

All of this latter-day "pop" archaeologizing might, as has been said, indicate that we Americans are indulging ourselves in a mass binge of reactionary cultural escapism, but there is, I think, another side to the coin. A remark made by the Viking Press editor responsible for the MGM film library is to the point: "This is the first time a major publisher has brought out anything other than *European* film scripts." In turning to the



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up-to-now presumed inferior national product as we have been doing lately, could it be that we are looking, not only for a "sense of values," but also for some implicit, intrinsically American aesthetic *value?*

All things considered, this is probably the case. Just as we have exhausted a great many of our natural resources and have become much concerned with conserving them, so (by the evidence of Minimalist and Conceptual fine-art trends) have we run through a good many of our artistic ones, and are just now beginning to look back and around. Lorenz Hart's ingenuous, dopily clever songs prove, on closer inspection (once we have swallowed both our pride and our self-hate) to be marvels of the lyric art; movies like "Ball of Fire" and "Notorious" still defy specific aesthetic description, yet we classify them automatically, and instinctively, as works of art. On these same terms the rash of revivals on Broadway and in movie houses can be seen, not as escapism, but as a kind of healthy cultural taking-stock: "Take your hands away from your eyes," it all seems to be saying, "and you'll be able to see what you have." What is slowly being revealed to us in this manner is a new, post-European American tradition, typically diffuse, typically unrefined, typically baffling and typically vital.

This is the way one finally tends to see the show of comic and cartoon art at Graham, once, that is, one has managed to take *both* hands away from his eyes, the left hand of needlessly generous sociological or psychological interpretation, and the right one of parsimonious historicism. The American popular arts have drawn wrongheaded interpretations and commentary to them like the proverbial flies to honey; anyone who has read Robin Green's pretentious, overwrought book on Alfred Hitchcock's films or *The Gospel According to Peanuts* is acquainted with the numerous pitfalls to which analysts of works in the popular genres are heir. Facing the vast and loony, but always lively nothingness of the comics, viewers and critics are often driven to "fill in" what they see with their own brainpower, but one is always mistaken in trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. In this case the sow's ear is already silk. The artistic sense of "Gasoline Alley," a Willard Mullins caricature, or "Little Nemo in Slumberland" (one of the earliest and most beautiful comic strips) resides, not beyond the strip, but within it: a matter of identity. No higher claim can truthfully be made for either fine or popular forms, the crudity of the comics being their own high style, and their limitations ultimately their meaning.

This fact some of our best contemporary artists have recognized and put to fine-arts use, as if helping a younger brother to grow up by keeping him in the family. Alex Katz, Roy Lichtenstein, Joe Brainard and Andy Warhol are among those who have successfully used the comic arts as either a style or a subject matter, but the catalogue to the Graham exhibition (by cartoonist Jerry Robinson) makes no mention of the influence cartoon art has had (and will continue to have) on modern American art. Rather, Robinson dwells on the historical and folk-art aspects of the form. While it is true that comic strips have long been the favorites of common men and presidents, the only people who have been able to deal meaningfully with the importance of the form have been artists of the sort mentioned above. In the absence of a sensible aesthetic it might be well for the organizers of shows such as the one at Graham to let such artists have their plastic or literary say. Or, even more to the point, let the comics speak for themselves, the dumber, somehow, the better.

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Ned Rorem on music

Smoke Without Fire

The New York City Opera last month presented the local première of Lee Hoiby's *Summer and Smoke*, based on Tennessee Williams' play, and all factors of the production conspired toward what should have been a successful experience. The libretto, by off-Broadway prodigy Lanford Wilson, was the very model of how to strip a script to the bone without killing it. Lloyd Evans designed expensively lush yet subtle costumes and an ingenious unit set through which the lighting of Hans Sondheimer filtered with just the right level of nostalgia. The house orchestra sounded lavish and inspired as always under Julius Rudel's baton, while the clean direction of Frank Corsaro appeared carefully rehearsed.

The music, at any given moment, was perfectly lovely, sometimes beautiful, occasionally masterful. No one today composes more gratefully than Hoiby for the human voice, and John Reardon and Mary Beth Piel sang their lead roles with eloquence, the grandly arching melodies emerging from an audible and clearly-set text. The composer's instrumentation was foolproof, always full yet never overwhelming. His theatrico-musical layout, planned with contrasts of fast and slow and dark and light, flowed logically through two extended acts. Indeed, everything about the thing worked except the thing itself.

What made it all fall flat? Some of the above virtues were partly responsible, for by the end of the evening they had soured into vices. Consistently "lovely" writing turns quickly bland. Arching melodies are but one of many means for italicizing thought or action, and are effective in inverse proportion to their frequency of use. Instrumentation, no matter how expert, is finally uninteresting when always full; rarely did Hoiby indulge in chamber music or experiment with other than safe sonorities; special effects (offstage bands, an unseen guitar) were banal effects. One agreeable moment did feature a singing lesson which ostensibly parodies salon music, but since Hoiby is in fact a salon musician the moment succeeded not as parody but as the hit tune of the show.

One might suppose that merging the talents of our most experienced young opera composer with those of our most lyrical playwright would produce fireworks instead of a fizzle. The failure lies not so much in Hoiby's language as in his pronunciation of that language and timing of the delivery. His musical contrasts, by themselves logical, had little dramatic logic as organic development of the text; the highs and lows seemed therefore inconsequential and ultimately undifferentiated. The problems not faced by Hoiby were those of linking the theatrical and musical structures, problems of knowing when silence is louder than busy-ness, and where opposition produces more tension than illustration.

It is not unfair to ask that an opera score reveal drama and add dimension by fleshing out meanings of the necessarily skeletal libretto. Lee Hoiby's devices resolutely failed to alter the emphasis of any character's motion or word. If the libretto is the shadow of the original play, then Hoiby's music is not the body but the accompaniment of a shadow, and thus superfluous to our understanding of Tennessee Williams' touching tale of frustration—a tale that nonetheless shines through the camouflage of sonorous smoke.

The pallor of *Summer and Smoke* reflects the sickness of American opera. There are indeed only three real operas by Americans that may be considered valuable: Virgil Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts*, Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, and Douglas Moore's *Ballad of Baby Doe*. Except for the last named, even these are scarcely performed. While it is tempting to credit this situation to the current managements of our opera houses who maintain the most reactionary stance of any performing art, it is really the composers who are to blame. Regardless of their musical language, 20th-century American composers tend to be conservative in appearance, and in social and private affairs. They do not issue manifestoes; they ultimately dismiss bad boys such as John Cage, or even Lukas Foss (who, like George Antheil of yore, are known only for being bad boys); seldom does one of them try to give the public a serious jolt, much less disabuse the public of its notion of what opera is.

What opera is, is restriction. It is Art, therefore serious. It is Expensive, therefore cautious. It is Story, therefore narrative bound. Above all, opera is European Heritage, therefore unmanufacturable from American blueprints. Of the three valuable operas mentioned above, only *Baby Doe* operates within the restrictions. As noted, only *Baby Doe* is scheduled regularly by our national managements. To ignore restrictions is to suffer performance droughts, as do Thomson and Gershwin whose names are nonetheless world famous; to observe restrictions is to choke to death, as do *Vanessa, Regina, Lizzy Borden, Miss Julie*, the list is endless.

It does not seem possible even to redefine opera in its original terms of spectacle and entertainment now that ballet has quit the opera stage to mature so effectively as an independent form. Those few works which exemplify opera as it was in the beginning—a pageant-like mixture of acting, singing and dance—are now called by their creators "theater pieces." No doubt Leonard Bernstein's latest such piece, his *Mass*, is strictly speaking the only true opera presently in the public consciousness. If so, how ironic that the most avidly received musical work in recent American history is an opera that dares not speak its name.

Wanting a Mummy

I've always wanted one,
A connection,

Leaning against the bureau, an in
To atrocious kingships,

To stone passages,
Those nights carrying the planets of
the dead.

I'd like being able to ask it,
How do you like the rain?

Are you 3,000 years old or still 25?
And to hear it replying,

Voluble with symbols
And medallions.

There we would debate, faced off
Across the room,

My room-temperature friend and I,
I with my hands like peaches

And my friend all
Shortbread and roots.

Sandra McPherson

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New Leafings

Prize Stories 1972
The O. Henry Awards
Edited by William Abrahams

(Doubleday; $6.95)

Who reads short stories? A case might be made that fiction in magazines is even less thoroughly read than poetry, and that's getting pretty low. Possibly I'm representative. I often read the poems, but here is a collection of short stories from recent magazines, ten issues of which had passed through my hands, and I had read only one story.

True, the last previous anthology of new stories I read was the wretched 1967 volume of *Best American Short Stories* (*NR*, Nov. 25, '67), an experience that prompted me to keep on leafing, rather than explore, when I came to stories in periodicals, particularly by authors unknown to me. The 1972 volume of O. Henry *Prize Stories* doesn't bring light where all was darkness, but I'm certainly going to leaf more slowly in future.

There are eighteen stories in the book; five of them are good, and two or three more are interesting. That's a high proportion for material selected out of twelve months (July 1970 to July 1971). William Abrahams, who chose the stories, also awarded the prizes to the first three. There's no serious quarrel with his choices, but my own favorite in the book is his third prize-winner. "Small Sounds and Tilting Shadows" by Judith Rascoe is about an American girl who lives for a time in a borrowed apartment in London and conceives a fantasy life with the absent owner as one episode in the realization of her own identity. It begins:

> When I was twenty-one I was half-crazy—I spent myself on that, as if madness were entailed in my maturity . . . . When I was half-crazy I went to Paris, intending to be old.

I have read long novels, pushed trembling at the reader as chalices of sensitivity, that held less than Rascoe's fine-spun story of a haunted inner landscape.

The second prize-winner, whose name is on everyone's list of everything these days, is Joyce Carol Oates. I was an early enthusiast of Oates and still think her first collection of stories *By the North Gate* (1963) contains some of the best American writing of the '60s. A lot of her work since then has to be damned with the word "honorable"; *Them*, for one example, is a novel that would have been good enough for a writer who had not begun as she did. Sometimes her work is worse than that, grimly arty—like her story in the current *Harper's*, a lurid trick whose time-sequence is chopped up to give it weight, as pretentious directors sometimes do with films. But the Oates story in this book, "Saul Bird Says: Relate! Communicate! Liberate!," is full of sharp observation, distilled and heightened. The material has no surprises. A radical university teacher turns out to be an egocentric devourer of other people. But Oates slices into the material at odd angles to make a prism of bright disturbing reflections.

The first-prize story is John Bakti's "Strange-Dreaming Charlie, Cow-Eyed Charlie," which Abrahams says he has read "numberless times." I read it twice and will probably never read it again, but I greatly enjoyed Bakti's dreamy portrait of a New York medical student floating just out of reach of ambition, of the girl he wants, of a shape for his life.

Two other stories are especially notable. James Salter's "The Destruction of the Goetheanum" tells of an encounter in Basel between the American narrator and a middle-aged runaway couple, also American, he a self-esteemed unknown genius, she the support of his belief. At a cool enhancing remove, we glimpse desperate convictions, desperate love. Margery Finn Brown's "In the Forests of Riga the Beasts Are Very Wild Indeed" is about a cardiac patient, an American woman who has had a wide-ranging and deep-feeling life and who is now feeling her existence straiten as death-fear corrodes her dignity.

All five of these stories have initially offensive titles, like "serious" TV dramas, but the offense turns to aptness as one reads. Four of them, one way or another, involve Americans in Europe. Well, V. S. Pritchett says that a short-story writer, as opposed to a novelist, "needs restlessness." These stories, Abrahams remarks, "have turned away from public and toward private concerns," because the external "condition of modern life," as distinct from the condition of a particularized life," can be taken as a shared assumption of writer and reader." It is not to argue with Abrahams to add that, just *because* of those assumptions, these writers feel it necessary to recreate the world in opposition to those assumptions and to do it in the only place available, inside. The inner life in these stories is, generally, not withdrawal but alternative.

Other stories, other tones. Donald Barthelme's "Subpoena," a well-turned but predictable anti-technology-and-bureaucracy bit, is one of his neater stories, thus one of his less rewarding. Herbert Gold's "A Death on the East Side" depicts the last days of an exemplar of that particularly distasteful modern phenomenon, the educated and intelligent sharpie who uses his cultivation as hustle. It's accurately done, but the space between subject and viewer is short, lacks sufficient perspective and comment.

Then, of course, there are the consciously literary stories. Elaine Gottlieb's "The Lizard" and Rosellen Brown's "A Letter to Ismael in the Grave" falter through that consciousness, but at least they are genuinely felt and show some contemporary sensibility. Much less tolerable are the dated and precious stories by J. D. McClatchy and Charles Edward Eaton. (Sample of Eaton: "Marjorie began to look like a damp peony dipped in some social fountain of dismay.") I hoped, as I plowed through, that these stories, particularly the Eaton, would turn out to be Jamesian parodies, but I couldn't find the edge to look around. Both pieces just purr and purr like plump English instructors after two martinis.

No better are the (apparently obligatory) Rustic Grotesques. Jack Matthews narrates a story in rural dialect (Opening line: "Melvin Combs, his wife she died") that is supposed to tug the heart but tugged my gorge. Patricia Zelver writes a Nevada black comedy about an eccentric old man who has tenuous grounds for a suit against a big corporation and who shoots his fat wife when she destroys the odd bit of evidence. Why not let Irvin S. Cobb rest quietly in his grave?

I might have thought that Abrahams

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was straining to include the rural for balance, and even that American writers are straining to write nonurban stories for the same reason, except for Mary Clearman's "Lambing Out." This story of a winter on a sheep ranch is not really memorable, but it has serious commitment to its subject as more than "color." Clearman has little freshening insight into her basically familiar material, but there is something touchingly decent in the gravity with which she treats experience.

Abrahams points out that some of the stories, like Brown's, come from large-circulation magazines where such writing might not have been expected in the past, and he speculates that television may be draining off appetites for the "slick" story. If so, it's only fair, because television is certainly draining off the life of many magazines, and those that remain ought at least to be able to do something other and better.

Still, the publishing situation for serious short fiction, which was never precisely happy in this country, can hardly be said to be improving. In the face of that fact, this book comes as a doubly pleasant surprise, on the whole. First, it shows that assumptions—mine but by no means only mine—about the level of magazine fiction were probably too dim. Second, it shows that, despite the tightened publishing situation, at least some good writers were intent on *conceiving* in short-story terms. Some good stories may get written because they occur to their authors as stories, but imagination and observation don't operate in a vacuum, and if there weren't some deep affinity—love—for the form, so many stories might not "occur."

Reading this book was, finally, a cheering experience. Even those of us with a rooted interest in the art tend to think of fiction as "the novel." Patently slipshod of us. If five out of eighteen works were enjoyable in every art, we all might get a little nervous at our good luck, but we'd be happy.

Stanley Kauffmann

Notes on Contributors

Gerrit Henry *is the NY correspondent for* Art International, *and an editorial associate with* Art News. *Poet* Sandra McPherson *resides in Portland, Oregon.* Ned Rorem *is a composer and author.* Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. *holds the Albert Schweitzer Chair in Humanities at the City University of New York.*

In Brief

The Friends of Eddie Coyle
by George V. Higgins

(Knopf; $5.95)

In Eddie Coyle's world, there are no friends, only contacts and connections, buyers and sellers, lower- and middle-echelon entrepreneurs working the odds and angles: hijacking trucks, dealing in handguns and machineguns, ripping off suburban banks, whatever is possible. Whatever anyone happens to need, they can get. Their shadow-world of deals and rackets is a close version of ours: they have wives and girls, mortgages and bills to pay, schedules to meet and appointments to keep, transactions and prospects, success and failure. To relax in their time off they lift a few drinks, have a few laughs and watch the Boston Bruins play, leaving their wives at home. When they fail, the price can be very heavy.

Among Eddie's customers are their accomplices the police, who can't function without sellers; and what Eddie has to sell is information they need. In payment they can maybe put in a good word for him with the authorities of another state where he faces a hijacking charge. A routine deal, though for Eddie it involves the great risk of discovery. And so he is discovered, as from the beginning we knew he would be.

George V. Higgins, a first novelist, is an Assistant US Attorney for the District of Massachusetts. That he should know hoods of every kind and degree is of course no surprise; but that this should be a first novel *is*, for it is a stunning performance: cumulative, seamless, all of a charged, compact piece. Yet, though *Eddie Coyle* is of its small kind flawless, the narrative itself is not the chief pleasure it yields. The steady pleasure we take in it is a voyeur's, or the auditory equivalent: our constant sense of overhearing not terms and phrases scattered about to create the illusion of authenticity but the full argot, the whole spectrum of fluent language for every expressive need these men encounter, every word and rhythm they need for the total expression of their world and experience. Of course we know that in life they may grunt, stammer and bark; and of course we know that this is a novel and that therefore the language is stylized; but we never doubt that Higgins has fashioned the novelistic speech out of the actual materials, and there's not a wrong note anywhere. He is the connoisseur of their rough music.

Every now and then, in a tape-recorded transcript in the so-called "sociology of deviance" (hoods, whores, pimps, snake-oil drummers, junkies, gamblers, grifters, flimflam men, poolroom hustlers, and so on), a truly marvelous natural talker turns up who to our sedentary delight reveals wholly his piece of the action. Imagine a novel made up of such talk, recorded with perfect pitch, all of it tuned to the end of telling a cracking fine tale of crime and punishment down below.

In a Darkness
by James A. Wechsler, with Nancy F. Wechsler and Holly W. Karpf

(W. W. Norton; $5.95)

A creative, attractive high school senior telephones his father: "I'd like to see a psychiatrist." For nine years thereafter he is under the care of a succession of therapists, eight in all, and spends 26

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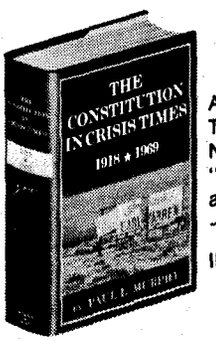
THE CONSTITUTION IN CRISIS TIMES 1918-1969 by Paul L. Murphy



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months in five different institutions. On his last night of life, he appeared to his parents "weary but more relaxed. In a familiar gesture he waved to us, and there was that faint gentle smile that seemed to survive the inner pain. . . ." They found him dead the next morning, from an overdose of pills. He was 26. He had consulted that afternoon with psychiatrist number eight. He left a note: "Sorry, but one can't keep every promise. Don't blame yourselves, or anyone. Please don't let it hurt you. You must be together, and go on with each other." Two years later, the father writes: "We are no wiser now than before about whether Michael's affliction, in the present state of medical knowledge, was hopeless or whether he was ultimately a victim of a fatal blindness on the part of parents and therapists alike." If neither love nor psychiatry saves a boy such as this, what can? Where did the fault lie? In America of the '60s? In the chemistry of a body? In parental misjudgments? In psychiatry which deliberately cut the parents off from contact with the therapists, thus further isolating them from their son and from opportunities to lessen his loneliness or share more fully his battle against despair? The absence of recriminations within the Wechsler family, the sensitive understanding throughout of the roles of mother, father and sister are exquisitely delineated in this painful memoir.

Invisible Astronomy by Colin Ronan

(Lippincott; $7.95)

Though written for the layman, Ronan's description of the astronomer's universe is intellectually satisfying because he manages to describe the elements of modern theory with simplicity while presenting enough detail to keep the reader from drifting off among the nebulae. As an introduction, it's probably one of the most current and even-handed available. The most difficult chapters are the ones discussing technical innovations that make possible nonvisual astronomy and the ingenious new "telescopes" that detect cosmic rays, nuclear particles and other ultra-short wave emissions traveling from distant space. Unavoidably, these sections bog down. They're dense with references to the scientists who've splintered the atom and applied the resulting knowledge to stellar phenomena. The summarizing chapters are more readable. In them, Ronan tries to collect these astronomical observations into a coherent system, placing each in its scientific and historical context. Because *Invisible Astronomy* doesn't assume a scientific audience, it's possible to read the book even if you don't know anything about physics. Ronan shows that "anti-matter" isn't just a creation of science fiction, and that there really may be such things as "black holes" in space that cave in on themselves, like astrophysical whirlpools squirting matter from this universe into another. With a minimum of fuss, Ronan sketches out the basic principles of the three major theories of the universe: the "big bang" theory according to which all matter originated from a finite point and is still expanding, the "steady state" theory that says matter is constantly being created and taken away, and the "oscillating universe" theory that assumes the "big bang" is only part of a repeating cycle of expansion and contraction that never ends. Making no final judgment, Ronan agrees with the majority of scientists who feel that the "steady state" theory is the most difficult to justify. The book is an ideal mind-expander, though like other intoxicants it leaves a feeling of emptiness. Even with the wealth of information available to him, Ronan is reduced to mumbling generalities when he tries to assess the new astronomy: "The modern universe appears to be composed less of separate bodies, each with its own specific function, than a dynamic concourse of bodies in various states of development or decay, and different only in the quantity of nuclear particles composing them."

Reconsideration

Herbert Croly's *The Promise of American Life*

If Herbert Croly had not written *The Promise of American Life*, there would have been no *New Republic*. For this was the book that stimulated Willard and Dorothy Straight to set Croly up as editor of a weekly magazine designed to apply the doctrine of *The Promise* to the immediate problems of American society. Nor were the Straights alone in their enthusiasm. Theodore Roosevelt called the book "the most powerful and illuminating study of our national conditions which has appeared for many years." Writing in this magazine after Croly's death in 1930, Felix Frankfurter said that *The Promise* "became a reservoir for all political writing after its publication. Roosevelt's New Nationalism was countered by Wilson's New Freedom, but both derived from Croly."

The Promise of American Life
by Herbert Croly
Originally published in 1909
by Macmillan.

Now available from Harvard University Press, $10; Dutton, $2.25; Bobbs-Merrill, $2.25.

Actually neither derived from Croly. *The Promise of American Life* was published in 1909. Though Croly supplied the phrase "New Nationalism" and Roosevelt soon picked it up, he probably learned more from Roosevelt than T.R. learned from him; and the New Freedom, as Wilson expounded it in 1912, was an anthology of the Jeffersonian illusions that so exasperated Croly. Still in a broad sense Frankfurter was right. *The Promise of American Life*, more profoundly than any other work, estab-

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lished the historical context and defined the values of pre-war American progressivism.

I doubt whether it has been much read since except by historians. Croly himself lost faith in political solutions after the First World War and grew increasingly absorbed in psychology and mysticism. By the time of the New Deal *The Promise* was part of the intellectual atmosphere, but it was neither a source to be consulted nor an authority to be invoked. After the Second World War it vanished completely into the catacombs of scholarship. I am sure that the youthful rebels of the 1960s, with all their preoccupation about the promise of American life, had never heard of Herbert Croly.

Nor is it hard to understand why *The Promise* should thus have sunk without a trace. Croly was an incorrigibly abstract, heavy, repetitious and long-winded writer. After 60 years, some passages in *The Promise* seem sheer hot air. Many problems he discussed have assumed drastically new shapes since 1909; many he did not identify now clamor for attention. And the book not only dates but offends in many ways—in Croly's complacent acceptance of war, in his defense of imperialism, in his talk about the "righteous use of superior force," in his law-and-order complaints about subordinating "the collective social interest to that of the possible individual criminal," above all in his racial attitudes (southerners, he wrote, "however much they overworked their conception of negro inferiority," were right "in believing that the negroes were a race possessed of moral and intellectual qualities inferior to those of white men").

With all this, is there any point in anyone but a scholar reading *The Promise of American Life* in 1972? I think there is. Setting aside the deformities mentioned above, one finds that there remains a penetrating inquiry into the American political culture, original and fertile in its insights, informed by intellectual scrupulosity and moral seriousness and written, for all its prolixity, with lucidity and precision. Croly's father was a leading American Comtian; indeed, Croly was, Edmund Wilson has reminded us, "the first child in the United States to be christened in the Positivist faith"; and, though Croly's Positivism lapsed, he did take from Comte a synoptic view of social questions and the conception of society as an organic system with ideas and institutions interconnected and mutually dependent. He added to this an almost Tocquevillian skill in relating the evolution of character types to the pressure and texture of particular social situations. He was also reminiscent of Tocqueville in his gravity of tone and in his capacity for personal detachment, complex analytical concern and bold generalization. Most of all, Croly, unlike most 20th-century Americans who have tried to equip their country with a political philosophy, really knew American history, was steeped in it and fascinated by it and sought to root his political ideas in the realities of the national experience.

The Promise took off from Croly's sense of the gap between the self-confidence felt by most Americans in the first decade of the century and his own acute conviction that, as he wrote, "the traditional American system is breaking down." To explain what he meant by this, he advanced a fresh and subtle reading of the American past. He began, conventionally enough, with the antithesis between Jefferson and Hamilton; but he rejected the sentimental simplifications of this antithesis—the simplifications on which V. L. Parrington, for example, would build *Main Currents in American Thought.*

Hamilton, "much the finer man and much the sounder thinker and statesman," was right, Croly thought, because he embodied the idea of "energetic and intelligent assertion of national power"; he was wrong because he did not believe in democracy. Jefferson was right in believing in democracy but wrong because he construed democracy "as tantamount to extreme individualism." Hamilton, Croly wrote, "perverted the American national idea almost as much as Jefferson perverted the American democratic idea, and the proper relation of these two fundamental conceptions cannot be completely understood until this double perversion is corrected."

As long as America was a relatively simple and homogeneous society, the

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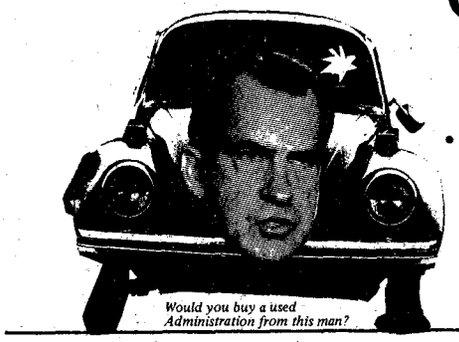

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Jeffersonian vision prevailed. This meant, Croly said, laissez-faire, drift and incoherence. The Promise of American life was conceived as destined to automatic fulfillment; so long as individuals pursued their own interests, society would prosper. But the Jeffersonian faith in "equal rights," Croly believed, was ambiguous and dangerous. "In so far as equal rights are freely exercised, they are bound to result in inequalities; and these inequalities are bound to make for their own perpetuation." So, under the banner of equal rights, the homogeneous Jeffersonian America gave birth to the new industrial society, diversified, specialized and marked above all by "the prodigious concentration of wealth" in the hands of a few.

> The increased efficiency of organization in business and politics, the enormous growth of an irresponsible individual money-power, the much more definitive division of the American people into possibly antagonistic classes, and the pressing need for expert, responsible and authoritative leadership—these new conditions and demands have been by way of upsetting once more the traditional American balance and of driving new wedges into American national cohesion.

In such a society, the Promise, instead of being automatically fulfilled, would be automatically stifled.

The Jeffersonian doctrine implied that the system was fine and that "inequalities are the work of wicked and unscrupulous men" who had only to be identified and punished. Croly's point was that inequality resulted not from the abuse but from the legal use of Jeffersonian rights; it was "the inevitable outcome of the chaotic individualism of our political and economic organization." As against the Jeffersonians (and their heirs, the Wilsonians and Brandeisians) who believed the system sound if it could only be purged of its modern excrescences, Croly condemned the system as the cause of the excrescences.

The problem was that of holding this explosive and diversified society together; and for this purpose Jeffersonian individualism and equal rights were useless. What was required, Croly thought, was the "reorganization of traditional institutions, policy and ideas" in terms of a conscious democratic ideal: "A more highly socialized democracy is the only practical substitute on the part of convinced democrats for an excessively individualized democracy." And the necessity of subordinating individual interest to national purpose, he emphasized, "is attached particularly to the absorbing occupation of the American people—the occupation, viz.: of accumulating wealth. The automatic fulfillment of the national promise is to be abandoned . . . precisely because the traditional American confidence in individual freedom has resulted in a morally and socially undesirable distribution of wealth."

Croly thus isolated two fundamental issues—issues even more to the point today than 60 years ago: the need for structural change, and the need for economic redistribution. It is only very recently, I think, that we have begun to see what he was getting at. Croly had no doubt that the classical free market had become ineffective as a means of social control. Long before Berle, Means and Galbraith, he perceived the transformation of a competitive into an administered economy. No doubt, he observed, large corporations had illegal favors and privileges, but their competitive advantage did not depend on that; "it depended upon their capture and occupation of certain essential strategic positions in the economic battle-field" through their access to capital, their superior management, their control of raw materials. The decline of the market and the rise of economic concentration seemed to Croly inevitable and good—if Americans were prepared to deal with the consequences. "The interest of the whole community demands a considerable concentration of economic power and responsibility, but only for the ultimate purpose of its more efficient exercise and the better distribution of its fruits."

His concrete proposals have mainly an historical interest. He was contemptuous of the Sherman Act, that "fatal bar to the treatment of the problem of corporate aggrandizement from the standpoint of a genuinely national policy." He was skeptical of regulation by commission, sympathetic to public ownership under certain conditions and eager for a federal incorporation law accompanied by the taxation of excess income. He also called for national recognition and support of trade unions and the closed shop, describing the non-union worker as an "industrial derelict" who should be rejected "as emphatically, if not as ruthlessly, as the gardener rejects the weeds in his garden." He hoped to break up great fortunes by a graduated inheritance tax. He was curiously oblivious to the possibilities of the income tax.

If Croly's proposals seem naive, it cannot be said that we have made major progress in solving either the structural or the distribution problem in the years since. (I notice that Ralph Nader has revived the idea of a federal incorpora-

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tion law.) What stands out is Croly's vigorous and repeated contention that the American state must make itself "responsible for a morally and socially desirable distribution of wealth," and that "a wholesome democracy should seek to guarantee to every male [*sic*, alas] adult a certain minimum of economic power and responsibility." No doubt, he said, it was easier to confer the suffrage than to abolish poverty, "but the difficulty of the task does not make it the less necessary. . . . The individuals constituting a democracy lack the first essential of individual freedom when they cannot escape from a condition of economic dependence." If the American people could not meet this problem, "the American commonwealth will no longer continue to be a democracy." And it could meet this problem only by joining Hamiltonian means and Jeffersonian ends and reconciling the old warring principles of nationalism and democracy.

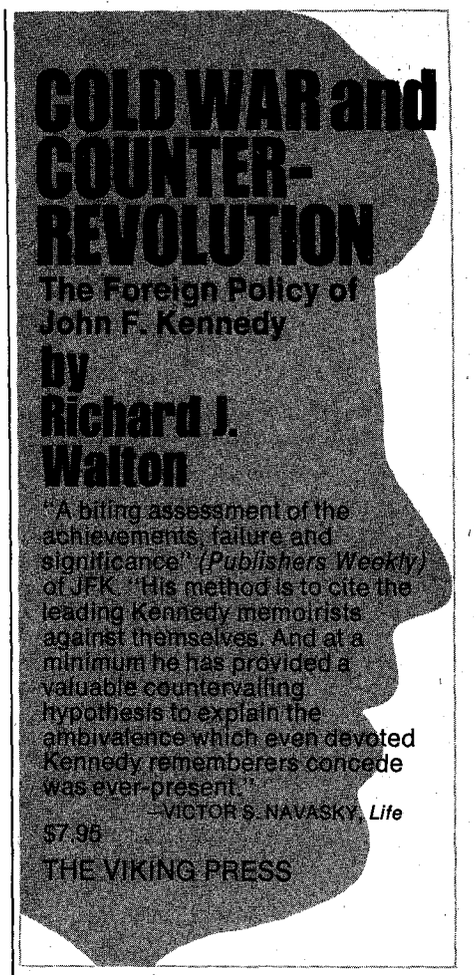
But Croly was not content to speak only of political and economic solutions. His deeper concern was cultural and moral, and his deeper purpose the revindication of American individuality. "It is the economic individualism of our existing national system" he wrote, "which inflicts the most serious damage on American individuality; and American individual achievement in politics and science and the arts will remain impoverished as long as our fellow-countrymen neglect or refuse systematically to regulate the distribution of wealth in the national interest." The most sensitive passages of *The Promise* describe the impact of social conditions on individual character. This is expressed both in his quite brilliant characterizations of men like Roosevelt, Bryan and Hearst and in his remarkable discussion of the displacement of that early American ideal, the all-round man who could do everything, by the specialists who arose to meet the technical needs of the more diversified society—the millionaire, the political boss, the labor leader, the corporation lawyer, the industrial manager, the engineer.

"Individual emancipation," Croly said, would require a repudiation of the "intellectual lethargy, superficiality, and insincerity" that, as he saw it, had characterized the Jeffersonian tradition. The critic "must stab away at the gelatinous mass of popular indifference, sentimentality, and complacency." One means of emancipation was for the individual to do "his own special work with ability, energy, disinterestedness, and excellence," thereby achieving "qualitative individual self-expression" and authentic individuality. While Croly was observant in noting the connection between identity and constructive work, his cultural solutions were often merely verbal and hortatory when they were not, as he warmed to the subject, hopelessly murky. In the end he retreated into an invocation of the desirability of a "religion of human brotherhood." Obviously Croly himself was not satisfied with this discussion, and the mysticism of his last years attested to his determination to pursue the subject further.

Croly's attempt to unite nationalism and democracy turned on the assumption that his key ideas of the "national interest" and the "general welfare" expressed definite meanings. The central intellectual weakness of *The Promise* lies in his failure to expose these ideas to his own realistic logic. Though they did have broad meanings as against the forms of class and individual self-interest he was indicting, they could not, without further specification, yield concrete solutions of their own. If he had examined them with the same meticulous skepticism he applied to the Jeffersonian doctrine of equal rights, he would have found it hard to resist the conclusion that the "national interest" and the "general welfare" might easily mask class and individual self-interest too. Some critics have read into this failure a desire to make nationalism a new mystique and have affected to see Croly with his corporatism, his imperialism, his belief in discipline, specialization and work, as an incipient Fascist. This is absurd and is amply refuted by the eloquent pages in *The Promise* about the indispensability of intellectual liberty and diversity as well as by the future course of Croly's life.

The passage of 60 years reveals many flaws in *The Promise of American Life*. But most of these, as Croly himself said of the morals of big businessmen, were "those of the great majority of their fellow-countrymen." With all his lapses, Croly transcended his age in crucial respects, saw more deeply than any other progressive into problems both of the American past and the American future and wrote about the redemption of the Promise with the intellectual and moral intensity the subject requires and so rarely receives.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.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A change is taking place in the American system without too many people noticing it. It involves... Republican recognition of one of the most fundamental Marxian truths..."
from a letter to Members of the Forum for Contemporary History by Michael Harrington, National Chairman, Socialist Party U.S.A.

In a well-documented letter to Members of the Forum for Contemporary History, Michael Harrington accuses President Nixon and leaders of the conservative political-corporate establishment of consciously co-opting key tenets of socialism "to safeguard the primacy of profit making..."
Rebuttals to Mr. Harrington—from Henry Ford II and others—will appear in a forthcoming issue of Postcript, *the Forum's journal.*
Sen. Edward Kennedy, in a recent speech before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, cited Conor Cruise O'Brien as "now a convert to the cause" of withdrawal of British troops from Northern Ireland.
Not true, replied Mr. O'Brien, Labour Party Deputy of the Irish Republic, writer, playwright and former U.N. boss in Katanga. In a letter to Forum Members from "his village," he explains his position, discusses "institutionalized violence" and provides many thoughtful insights on the Irish situation.
Norman St. John-Stevas, Tory Member of Parliament, took typewriter in hand to protest the world-wide movement in favor of abortion. In a letter to Forum Members addressed "Dear Fellow Creature," Mr. St. John-Stevas makes an impassioned (if seldom heard, these days) appeal for the "right to life."
Comments on this letter have been invited from several qualified sources, including biologist Paul Ehrlich, a Member of the Forum's Editorial Review Committee.
Vine Deloria, Jr., author of *Custer Died For Your Sins* and a Standing Rock Sioux Indian, charges the heads of the Christian Churches with a share of the responsibility for the plight of the American Indian. His open letter to these dignitaries—and to Forum Members—was later published as a feature article by *The Los Angeles Times. Heads of the Christian Churches in America were invited to respond to Mr. Deloria's charges. So far, none has chosen to accept the invitation.*

What is the Forum for Contemporary History? Founded by a group of journalists, scholars, public figures and concerned laymen, the Forum is a new experiment in an age-old form of expression—letters.

Every other Monday, Forum Members receive a letter by first class mail from someone who is making contemporary history. Or someone who can comment meaningfully on the important issues and events of our time. Or someone who can alert us to issues we may not have been aware of.

These letters are not edited or censored. Writers can speak freely and openly, without conforming to the limitations of formal publications and without fearing the censorial slash of a cautious publisher's pen. The idea is to eliminate, as nearly as possible, the psychological distance between writer and reader.

At a time when the freedom of expression is under severe assault, the Forum keeps a channel open, especially for those with unpopular or controversial viewpoints. And for those who haven't built up a power base sufficient to command attention from—and access to—the conventional news and information media. Forum Members have come to expect the unexpected.

Discussion and debate initiated through the Forum Letters is continued in *Postscript*, the quarterly journal published for Forum Members. This publication includes not only replies and rebuttals from prominent spokesmen for opposing viewpoints, but also from Members (who are actively encouraged to participate and speak out).

The Forum for Contemporary History is still new, still experimental, but gathering momentum. With your support and participation, we can help insure that this alive, new outpost in the battle to preserve freedom of expression gains even more strength and vitality. *Because in the final analysis, without the freedom of expression, your right-to-know isn't worth a damn.*

Yours when you become a Founding Member of the Forum—the Harrington Letter FREE, plus the next two Forum Letters. To join the Forum, send no money. Just fill in and return the coupon below. We'll send you a *free* copy of the Harrington Letter and enroll you as a Member. You will then receive the next *two* Forum Letters and a statement for your Membership Dues—$9 for six months, in the course of which you'll get 13 Forum Letters, at least 2 issues of *Postscript* and be eligible to participate in Forum activities. If you're not convinced after you read the next two Forum Letters, you may tell us to cancel, return your statement unpaid, keep the Letters and owe nothing.

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